EXERCISES

FOR

IMPROVEMENT

IN

ELOCUTION,

BEING

Select EXTRACTS from the beſt AUTHORS,

FOR THE

Uſe of thoſe who ſtudy the Art of READING and SPEAKING in Public.

——Vos exemplaria——
Nocturnâ verſate manu, verſate diurnâ.

HOR.

BY J. WALKER,
Author of the Rhyming Dictionary, &c.

LONDON,
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M DCC LXXVII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

THE FOLLOWING

COMPILATION,

IS,

WITH A JUST RESPECT FOR HIS TALENTS,

AND

SINCERE GRATITUDE FOR HIS FAVOURS,

INSCRIBED,

BY HIS MUCH OBLIGED, AND MOST

OBEDIENT SERVANT,

J. WALKER.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE principal deſign of this collection, is to furniſh ſtudents in elocution with ſuitable paſſages for the practice of reading and ſpeaking. As the compiler had frequent occaſion to teach pupils in claſſes, he found it neceſſary that each of them ſhould read in the ſame author, and attend to the ſame paſſage at the ſame time; by theſe means the trouble of handing the book to each other was avoided, and the inſtruction given to one, rendered equally ſerviceable to all. This method of teaching required a book of a ſmall ſize and price, with as much variety as ſuch a book would admit of; and it is hoped theſe intentions, at leaſt, are anſwered by the preſent publication.

But the compiler flatters himſelf it has another advantage, which more particularly recommends it; for beſides the oratorial pieces it has in common with other books of the

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ſame kind, he preſumes that Mr. Addiſon's letters on taſte, with ſome of the fineſt paſſages from Akenſide's Pleaſures of Imagination, and Pope's Eſſay on Criticiſm, not only furniſh excellent leſſons for reading, but form, in ſome degree, a ſyſtem of polite knowledge.

CONTENTS.

SPECTATOR.

Letters on Taſte, Page 1 to 43

STERNE.

Sermon II. on Eccl. vii. 2, 3. 49

MILTON. Paradiſe Loſt.

Invocation—Deſcription of the Fall of Satan, and of Hell, 57

Deſcription of Satan's Stature, and Preparation to addreſs his fallen Legions, 59

Deſcription of the Shield and Spear of Satan, 60

Satan's approach to Eden, and his addreſs to the Sun, 61

Deſcription of Paradiſe, 65

Deſcription of Evening, ibid.

Adam's Proſpect of the future Miſeries of his Poſterity, 66

AKENSIDE. Pleaſures of Imagination.

Invocation to the Powers of Imagination, 67

Diverſity of Genius in different Men, 68

Primary Pleaſures of Imagination, 69

Superiority of Moral Excellence, 72

Natural Beauty a mark of Divine Beneficence, 74

YOUNG. Night Thoughts.

Invocation—Importance of Time—Man compoſed of Oppoſites, 77

The Purſuits and Paſſions of Man, Proofs of his Immortality, 78

Nature and Man, in every View of them, full of Myſteries, 81

DRYDEN.

Alexander's Feaſt, an Ode, 82

GRAY.

An Elegy written in a Country Church-yard, 87

POPE.

CONTENTS.

POPE. Eſſay on Criticiſm; and Ethic Epiſtles.
Taſte as ſeldom found as Genius, 91
Neceſſity of knowing the Extent of our Taſte and Genius, ibid.
Rules for judging with Propriety, 92
Great Beauties above Rules, ibid.
Cauſes of Error in judging, 93
Fate of Modern Languages and Authors, 96
The Knowledge and Characters of Men, not to be learned either by Books or Obſervation ſingly, but by both, 97
Education forms the Character of moſt Men, ibid.
The ruling Paſſion continues till Death, ibid.
A character, 98
Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot, 100

AMB. PHILIPS. Diſtreſſed Mother.
Oreſtes delivering his Embaſſy to Pyrrhus, 102

ADDISON. Cato.
The Senate Scene, 104

SHAKESPEARE. Julius Cæſar.
The Speech of Brutus to the Romans upon the Death of Cæſar; and Antony's Oration over Cæſar's body, 109

STEELE. Conſcious Lovers.
Quarrelling Scene between Bevil and Myrtle, 114

ÆSCHINES.
Oration againſt Demoſthenes, on the Crown, 119

DEMOSTHENES.
Oration againſt Æſchines, on the Crown, 121

CICERO.
Oration againſt Verres, 130

LIVY.
T. Quintius's Speech to the Roman People. 134

SPECTATOR.

No 409 Thurſday, June 19,

——Muſæo contingere cuncta lepore.
Lucr. lib. 1.

To grace each ſubject with enliv'ning wit.

GRATIAN very often recommends the fine taſte, as the utmoſt perfection of an accompliſhed man.

As this word ariſes very often in converſation, I ſhall endeavour to give ſome account of it, and to lay down rules how we may know whether we are poſſeſſed of it, and how we may acquire that fine taſte of writing, which is ſo much talked of among the polite world.

Moſt languages make uſe of this metaphor, to expreſs that faculty of the mind, which diſtinguiſhes all the moſt concealed faults and niceſt perfections in writing. We may be ſure this metaphor would not have been ſo general in all tongues, had there not been a very great conformity between that mental taſte, which is the ſubject of this paper, and that ſenſitive taſte, which gives us a reliſh of every different flavour that affects the palate. Accordingly we find, there are as many degrees of refinement in the intellectual faculty, as in the ſenſe, which is marked out by this common denomination.

I knew a perſon who poſſeſſed the one in ſo great a perfection, that after having taſted ten different kinds of tea he would diſtinguiſh, without ſeeing the colour of it, the particular ſort which was offered him; and not only ſo, but any two ſorts of them that were mixt together in an equal proportion; nay, he has carried the experiment ſo far, as upon taſting the compoſition of three different ſorts, to name the parcels from whence the three ſeveral ingredients were taken. A man of a fine taſte in writing will diſcern, after the ſame m

ner, not only the general beauties and imperfections of an author, but diſcover the ſeveral ways of thinking and expreſſing himſelf, which diverſify him from all other authors, with the ſeveral foreign infuſions of thought and language, and the particular authors from whom they were borrowed.

After having thus far explained what is generally meant by a fine taſte in writing, and ſhewn the propriety of the metaphor which is uſed on this occaſion, I think I may define it to be *that faculty of the ſoul, which diſcerns the beauties of an author with pleaſure, and the imperfections with diſlike.* If a man would know whether he is poſſeſſed of this faculty, I would have him read over the celebrated works of antiquity, which have ſtood the teſt of ſo many different ages and countries, or thoſe works among the moderns which have the ſanction of the politer part of our contemporaries. If upon the peruſal of ſuch writings he does not find himſelf delighted in an extraordinary manner, or if, upon reading the admired paſſages in ſuch authors, he finds a coldneſs and indifference in his thoughts, he ought to conclude, not (as is too uſual among taſteleſs readers) that the author wants thoſe perfections which have been admired in him, but that he himſelf wants the faculty of diſcovering them.

He ſhould, in the ſecond place, be very careful to obſerve, whether he taſtes the diſtinguiſhing perfections, or, if I may be allowed to call them ſo, the ſpecific qualities of the author whom he peruſes; whether he is particularly pleaſed with Livy for his manner of telling a ſtory, with Salluſt for entering into thoſe internal principles of action which ariſe from the characters and manners of the perſons he deſcribes, or with Tacitus for his diſplaying thoſe outward motives of ſafety and intereſt, which give birth to the whole ſeries of tranſactions which he relates.

He may likewiſe conſider, how differently he is affected by the ſame thought, which preſents itſelf in a great writer, from what he is when he finds it delivered by a perſon of an ordinary genius. For there is as much difference in apprehending a thought clothed in Cicero's language, and that of a common author, as in ſeeing

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an object by the light of a taper, or by the light of the ſun.

It is very difficult to lay down rules for the acquirement of ſuch a taſte as that I am here ſpeaking of. The faculty muſt in ſome degree be born with us, and it very often happens, that thoſe who have other qualities in perfection are wholly void of this. One of the moſt eminent Mathematicians of the age has aſſured me, that the greateſt pleaſure he took in reading Virgil, was in examining Æneas's voyage by the map; as I queſtion not but many a modern compiler of hiſtory would be delighted with little more in that divine author, than the bare matters of fact.

But notwithſtanding this faculty muſt in ſome meaſure be born with us, there are ſeveral methods for cultivating and improving it, and without which it will be very uncertain, and of little uſe to the perſon that poſſeſſes it. The moſt natural method for this purpoſe is to be converſant among the writings of the moſt polite authors. A man who has any reliſh for fine writing, either diſcovers new beauties, or receives ſtronger impreſſions from the maſterly ſtrokes of a great author every time he peruſes him; beſides that he naturally wears himſelf into the ſame manner of ſpeaking and thinking.

Converſation with men of a polite genius is another method for improving our natural taſte. It is impoſſible for a man of the greateſt parts to conſider any thing in its whole extent, and in all its variety of lights. Every man, beſides thoſe general obſervations which are to be made upon an author, forms ſeveral reflexions that are peculiar to his own manner of thinking; ſo that converſation will naturally furniſh us with hints which we did not attend to, and make us enjoy other mens parts and reflexions as well as our own. This is the beſt reaſon I can give for the obſervation which ſeveral have made, that men of great genius in the ſame way of writing, ſeldom riſe up ſingly, but at certain periods of time appear together, and in a body; as they did at Rome in the reign of Auguſtus, and in Greece about the age of Socrates. I cannot think that Corneille, Racine, Moliere, Boileau, la Fontaine,

Buryere, Boſſu, or the Daciers, would have written ſo well as they have done, had they not been friends and contemporaries.

It is likewiſe neceſſary for a man who would form to himſelf a finiſhed taſte of good writing, to be well verſed in the works of the beſt Critics both ancient and modern. I muſt confeſs that I could wiſh there were authors of this kind, who, beſide the mechanical rules which a man of very little taſte may diſcourſe upon, would enter into the very ſpirit and ſoul of fine writing, and ſhew us the ſeveral ſources of that pleaſure which riſes in the mind upon the peruſal of a noble work. Thus although in poetry it be abſolutely neceſſary that the unities of time, place, and action, with other points of the ſame nature, ſhould be thoroughly explained and underſtood; there is ſomething more eſſential to the art, ſomething that elevates and aſtoniſhes the fancy, and gives a greatneſs of mind to the reader, which few of the critics beſides Longinus have conſidered.

Our general taſte in England is for epigram, turns of wit, and forced conceits, which have no manner of influence, either for the bettering or enlarging the mind of him who reads them, and have been carefully avoided by the greateſt writers, both among the ancients and moderns. I have endeavoured in ſeveral of my ſpeculations to baniſh this Gothic taſte, which has taken poſſeſſion among us. I entertained the town for a week together with an eſſay upon wit, in which I endeavoured to detect ſeveral of thoſe falſe kinds which have been admired in the different ages of the world; and at the ſame time to ſhew wherein the nature of true wit conſiſts. I afterwards gave an inſtance of the great force which lies in a natural ſimplicity of thought to affect the mind of the reader, from ſuch vulgar pieces as have little elſe beſides this ſingle qualification to recommend them. I have likewiſe examined the works of the greateſt poet which our nation or perhaps any other has produced, and particularized moſt of thoſe rational and manly beauties which give a value to that divine work. I ſhall next Saturday enter upon an eſſay on the pleaſures of the imagination, which though it ſhall conſider that ſubject at large, will perhaps ſuggeſt to the reader what it is that

gives

gives a beauty to many paſſages of the fineſt writers both in proſe and verſe. As an undertaking of this nature is intirely new, I queſtion not but it will be received with candour. O

No 411 Saturday, June 21.

Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius antè
Trita ſolo: juvat integros accedere fonteis,
Atque haurire: —— Lucr. lib. 1. v. 925.

—— Inſpir'd I trace the Muſes ſeats,
Untrodden yet: 'tis ſweet to viſit firſt
Untouch'd and virgin ſtreams, and quench my thirſt.
CREECH.

OUR ſight is the moſt perfect and moſt delightful of all our ſenſes. It fills the mind with the largeſt variety of ideas, converſes with its objects at the greateſt diſtance, and continues the longeſt in action without being tired or ſatiated with its proper enjoyments. The ſenſe of feeling can indeed give us a notion of extenſion, ſhape, and all other ideas that enter at the eye, except colours; but at the ſame time it is very much ſtraitned and confined in its operations, to the number, bulk, and diſtance of its particular objects. Our ſight ſeems deſigned to ſupply all theſe defects, and may be conſidered, as a more delicate and diffuſive kind of touch, that ſpreads itſelf over an infinite multitude of bodies, comprehends the largeſt figures, and brings into our reach ſome of the moſt remote parts of the univerſe.

It is this ſenſe which furniſhes the imagination with its ideas; ſo that by the pleaſures of the imagination or fancy (which I ſhall uſe promiſcuouſly) I here mean ſuch as ariſe from viſible objects, either when we have them actually in our view, or when we call up their ideas into our minds by paintings, ſtatues, deſcriptions, or any the like occaſion. We cannot indeed have a ſingle image in the fancy that did not make its firſt entrance

through the ſight; but we have the power of retaining, altering and compounding thoſe images, which we have once received, into all the varieties of picture and viſion that are moſt agreeable to the imagination: for by this faculty a man in a dungeon is capable of entertaining himſelf with ſcenes and landſkips more beautiful than any that can be found in the whole compaſs of nature.

There are few words in the Engliſh language which are employed in a more looſe and uncircumſcribed ſenſe than thoſe of the Fancy and the Imagination. I therefore thought it neceſſary to fix and determine the notion of theſe two words, as I intend to make uſe of them in the thread of my following ſpeculations, that the reader may conceive rightly what is the ſubject which I proceed upon. I muſt therefore deſire him to remember that, by the pleaſures of the imagination, I mean only ſuch pleaſures as ariſe originally from ſight, and that I divide theſe pleaſures into two kinds: my deſign being firſt of all to diſcourſe of thoſe primary pleaſures of the imagination, which intirely proceed from ſuch objects as are before our eyes; and in the next place to ſpeak of thoſe ſecondary pleaſures of the imagination which flow from the ideas of viſible objects, when the objects are not actually before the eye, but are called up into our memories, or formed into agreeable viſions of things that are either abſent or fictitious.

The pleaſures of the imagination, taken in the full extent, are not ſo groſs as thoſe of ſenſe, nor ſo refined as thoſe of the underſtanding. The laſt are, indeed, more preferable, becauſe they are founded on ſome new knowledge or improvement in the mind of man; yet it muſt be confeſt that thoſe of the imagination are as great and as tranſporting as the other. A beautiful proſpect delights the ſoul, as much as a demonſtration; and a deſcription in Homer has charmed more readers than a chapter in Ariſtotle. Beſides, the pleaſures of the imagination have this advantage, above thoſe of the underſtanding, that they are more obvious, and more eaſy to be acquired. It is but opening the eye and the ſcene enters. The colours paint themſelves

ſelves on the fancy, with very little attention of thought or application of mind in the beholder. We are ſtruck, we know not how, with the ſymmetry of any thing we ſee, and immediately aſſent to the beauty of an object, without inquiring into the particular cauſes and occaſions of it.

A man of a polite imagination is let into a great many pleaſures, that the vulgar are not capable of receiving. He can converſe with a picture, and find an agreeable companion in a ſtatue. He meets with a ſecret refreſhment in a deſcription, and often feels a greater ſatisfaction in the proſpect of fields and meadows, than another does in the poſſeſſion. It gives him, indeed a kind of property in every thing he ſees, and makes the moſt rude uncultivated parts of nature adminiſter to his pleaſures: ſo that he looks upon the world, as it were in another light, and diſcovers in it a multitude of charms, that concealed themſelves from the generality of mankind.

There are, indeed, but very few who know how to be idle and innocent, or have a reliſh of any pleaſures that are not criminal; every diverſion they take is at the expence of ſome one virtue or another, and their very firſt ſtep out of buſineſs is into vice or folly. A man ſhould endeavour, therefore, to make the ſphere of his innocent pleaſures as wide as poſſible, that he may retire into them with ſafety, and find in them ſuch a ſatisfaction as a wiſe man would not bluſh to take. Of this nature are thoſe of the imagination, which do not require ſuch a bent of thought as is neceſſary to our more ſerious employments, nor, at the ſame time, ſuffer the mind to ſink into that negligence and remiſſneſs, which are apt to accompany our more ſenſual delights, but, like a gentle exerciſe to the faculties, awaken them from ſloth and idleneſs, without putting them upon any labour or difficulty.

We might here add, that the pleaſures of the fancy are more conducive to health, than thoſe of the underſtanding, which are worked out by dint of thinking, and attended with too violent a labour of the brain. Delightful ſcenes, whether in nature, painting, or poetry, have a kindly influence on the body, as well as the mind,

mind, and not only ſerve to clear and brighten the imagination, but are able to diſperſe grief and melancholy, and to ſet the animal ſpirits in pleaſing and agreeable motions. For this reaſon Sir Francis Bacon, in his Eſſay upon Health, has not thought it improper to preſcribe to his reader a poem or a proſpect, where he particularly diſſuades him from knotty and ſubtle diſquiſitions, and adviſes him to purſue ſtudies, that fill the mind with ſplendid and illuſtrious objects, as hiſtories, fables, and contemplations of nature.

I have in this paper, by way of introduction, ſettled the notion of thoſe pleaſures of the imagination which are the ſubject of my preſent undertaking, and endeavoured, by ſeveral conſiderations, to recommend to my reader the purſuit of thoſe pleaſures. I ſhall in my next paper, examine the ſeveral ſources from whence theſe pleaſures are derived. O

No 412 Monday, June 23.

——Diviſum ſic breve fiet opus. Mart. Ep. 83. lib. 4.

The work, divided aptly, ſhorter grows.

I Shall firſt conſider thoſe pleaſures of the imagination, which ariſe from the actual view and ſurvey of outward objects: and theſe, I think, all proceed from the ſight of what is great, uncommon, or beautiful. There may, indeed, be ſomething ſo terrible or offenſive, that the horror or loathſomeneſs of an object may overbear the pleaſure which reſults from its greatneſs, novelty, or beauty; but ſtill there will be ſuch a mixture of delight in the very diſguſt it gives us, as any of theſe three qualifications are moſt conſpicuous and prevailing.

By greatneſs, I do not only mean the bulk of any ſingle object, but the largeneſs of a whole view, conſidered as one intire piece. Such are the proſpects of an open champaign country, a vaſt uncultivated deſert, of huge heaps of mountains, high rocks and precipices,

or

or a wide expanſe of water, where we are not ſtruck with the novelty or beauty of the ſight, but with that rude kind of magnificence which appears in many of theſe ſtupendous works of nature. Our imagination loves to be filled with an object, or to graſp at any thing that is too big for its capacity. We are ſtung into a pleaſing aſtoniſhment at ſuch unbounded views, and feel a delightful ſtilneſs and amazement in the ſoul at the apprehenſions of them. The mind of man naturally hates every thing that looks like a reſtraint upon it, and is apt to fancy itſelf under a ſort of confinement, when the ſight is pent up in a narrow compaſs, and ſhortned on every ſide by the neighbourhood of walls or mountains. On the contrary, a ſpacious horizon is an image of liberty, where the eye has room to range abroad, to expatiate at large on the immenſity of its views, and to loſe itſelf amidſt the variety of objects that offer themſelves to its obſervation. Such wide and undetermined proſpects are as pleaſing to the fancy, as the ſpeculations of eternity or infinitude are to the underſtanding. But if there be a beauty or uncommonneſs joined with this grandeur, as in a troubled ocean, a heaven adorned with ſtars and meteors, or a ſpacious landſkip cut out into rivers, woods, rocks, and meadows, the pleaſure ſtill grows upon us, as it ariſes from more than a ſingle principle.

Every thing that is new or uncommon raiſes a pleaſure in the imagination, becauſe it fills the ſoul with an agreeable ſurprize, gratifies its curioſity, and gives it an idea of which it was not before poſſeſt. We are indeed ſo often converſant with one ſet of objects, and tired out with ſo many repeated ſhows of the ſame things, that whatever is new or uncommon contributes a little to vary human life, and to divert our minds, for a while, with the ſtrangeneſs of its appearance: It ſerves us for a kind of refreſhment, and takes off from that ſatiety we are apt to complain of in our uſual and ordinary entertainments. It is this that beſtows charms on a monſter, and makes even the imperfections of nature pleaſe us. It is this that recommends variety, where the mind is every inſtant, called off to ſomething new, and the attention not ſuffered to dwell too long, and waſte itſelf

on

on any particular object. It is this, likewiſe, that improves what is great or beautiful, and makes it afford the mind a double entertainment. Groves, fields, and meadows, are at any ſeaſon of the year pleaſant to look upon, but never ſo much as in the opening of the ſpring, when they are all new and freſh, with their firſt gloſs upon them, and not yet too much accuſtomed and familiar to the eye. For this reaſon there is nothing that more enlivens a proſpect than rivers, jetd'eaus, or falls of water, where the ſcene is perpetually ſhifting, and entertaining the ſight every moment with ſomething that is new. We are quickly tired with looking upon hills and valleys, where every thing continues fixt and ſettled in the ſame place and poſture, but find our thoughts a little agitated and relieved at the ſight of ſuch objects as are ever in motion, and ſliding away from beneath the eye of the beholder.

But there is nothing that makes its way more directly to the ſoul than beauty, which immediately diffuſes a ſecret ſatisfaction and complacency through the imagination, and gives a finiſhing to any thing that is great or uncommon. The very firſt diſcovery of it ſtrikes the mind with an inward joy, and ſpreads a chearfulneſs and delight through all its faculties. There is not perhaps any real beauty or deformity more in one piece of matter than another, becauſe we might have been ſo made, that whatſoever now appears loathſome to us, might have ſhewn itſelf agreeable; but we find by experience that there are ſeveral modifications of matter which the mind, without any previous conſideration, pronounces at firſt ſight beautiful or deformed. Thus we ſee that every different ſpecies of ſenſible creatures has its different notions of beauty, and that each of them is moſt affected with the beauties of its own kind. This is no where more remarkable than in birds of the ſame ſhape and proportion, where we often ſee the mate determined in his courtſhip by the ſingle grain or tincture of a feather, and never diſcovering any charms but in the colour of its ſpecies.

Scit

Scit thalamo ſervare fidem, ſanctaſque veretur
Connubii leges; non illum in pectore candor
Sollicitat niveus; neque pravum accendit amorem
Splendida lanugo, vel honeſta in vertice criſta,
Purpureuſve nitor pennarum; aſt agmina latè
Fœminea explorat cautus, maculaſque requirit
Cognatas, paribuſque interlita corpora guttis:
Ni faceret, pictis ſylvam circum undique monſtris
Confuſam aſpiceres vulgò, partuſque biformes,
Et genus ambiguum, & veneris monumenta nefandæ.
Hinc merula in nigro ſe oblectat nigra marito,
Hinc ſocium laſciva petit philomela canorum,
Agnoſcitque pares ſonitus, hinc noctua tetram
Canitiem alarum, & glaucos miratur ocellos.
Nempe ſibi ſemper conſtat, creſcitque quotannis
Lucida progenies, caſtos confeſſa parentes;
Dum virides inter ſaltus lucoſque ſonoros
Vere novo exultat, plumaſque decora juventus
Explicat ad ſolem, patriiſque coloribus ardet.

The feather'd huſband, to his partner true,
Preſerves connubial rites inviolate.
With cold indifference every charm he ſees,
The milky whiteneſs of the ſtately neck,
The ſhining down, proud creſt, and purple wings:
But cautious with a ſearching eye explores
The female tribes, his proper mate to find,
With kindred colours mark'd: did he not ſo,
The grove with painted monſters wou'd abound,
Th' ambiguous product of unnatural love.
The black-bird hence ſelects her ſooty ſpouſe;
The nightingale her muſical compeer,
Lur'd by the well known voice: the bird of night,
Smit with his duſky wings and greeniſh eyes,
Wooes his dun paramour. The beauteous race
Speak the chaſte loves of their progenitors;
When, by the ſpring invited, they exult
In woods and fields, and to the ſun unfold
Their plumes, that with paternal colours glow.

There

There is a ſecond kind of beauty that we find in the ſeveral products of art and nature, which does not work in the imagination with that warmth and violence as the beauty that appears in our proper ſpecies, but is apt however to raiſe in us a ſecret delight, and a kind of fondneſs for the places or objects in which we diſcover it. This conſiſts either in the gaiety or variety of colours, in the ſymmetry and proportion of parts, in the arrangement and diſpoſition of bodies, or in a juſt mixture and concurrence of all together. Among theſe ſeveral kinds of beauty the eye takes moſt delight in colours. We no where meet with a more glorious or pleaſing ſhow in nature, than what appears in the heavens at the riſing and ſetting of the ſun, which is wholly made up of thoſe different ſtains of light that ſhew themſelves in clouds of a different ſituation. For this reaſon we find the poets, who are always addreſſing themſelves to the imagination, borrowing more of their epithets from colours than from any other topic.

As the fancy delights in every thing that is great, ſtrange, or beautiful, and is ſtill more pleaſed the more it finds of theſe perfections in the ſame object, ſo it is capable of receiving a new ſatisfaction by the aſſiſtance of another ſenſe. Thus any continued ſound, as the muſic of birds, or a fall of water, awakens every moment the mind of the beholder, and makes him more attentive to the ſeveral beauties of the place that lie before him. Thus if there ariſes a fragrancy of ſmells or perfumes, they heighten the pleaſures of the imagination, and make even the colours and verdure of the landſkip appear more agreeable; for the ideas of both ſenſes recommend each other, and are pleaſanter together, than when they enter the mind ſeparately: as the different colours of a picture, when they are well diſpoſed, ſet off one another, and receive an additional beauty from the advantage of their ſituation. O

Nº 413 Tuesday, June 24.

——Causa latet, vis est notissima——

Ovid. Met. l. 4. v. 207.

The cause is secret, but the effect is known.

ADDISON.

THOUGH in yesterday's paper we considered how every thing that is great, new, or beautiful, is apt to affect the imagination with pleasure, we must own that it is impossible for us to assign the necessary cause of this pleasure, because we know neither the nature of an idea, nor the substance of a human soul, which might help us to discover the conformity or disagreeableness of the one to the other; and therefore, for want of such a light, all that we can do in speculations of this kind, is to reflect on those operations of the soul that are most agreeable, and to range, under their proper heads, what is pleasing or displeasing to the mind, without being able to trace out the several necessary and efficient causes from whence the pleasure or displeasure arises.

Final causes lie more bare and open to our observation, as there are often a greater variety that belong to the same effect; and these, though they are not altogether so satisfactory, are generally more useful than the other, as they give us greater occasion of admiring the goodness and wisdom of the first contriver.

One of the final causes of our delight in any thing that is great, may be this. The supreme Author of our Being, has so formed the soul of man, that nothing but himself can be its last, adequate, and proper happiness. Because, therefore, a great part of our happiness must arise from the contemplation of his being, that he might give our souls a just relish of such a contemplation, he has made them naturally delight in the apprehension of what is great or unlimited. Our admiration, which is a very pleasing motion of the mind, immediately rises at the consideration of any object that takes up a great deal

of room in the fancy, and, by conſequence, will improve into the higheſt pitch of aſtoniſhment and devotion when we contemplate his nature, that is neither circumſcribed by time nor place, nor to be comprehended by the largeſt capacity of a created being.

He has annexed a ſecret pleaſure to the idea of any thing that is new or uncommon, that he might encourage us in the purſuit after knowledge, and engage us to ſearch into the wonders of his creation; for every new idea brings ſuch a pleaſure along with it as rewards any pains we have taken in its acquiſition, and conſequently ſerves us a motive to put us upon freſh diſcoveries.

He has made every thing that is beautiful in our own ſpecies pleaſant, that all creatures might be tempted to multiply their kind, and fill the world with inhabitants; for it is very remarkable that wherever Nature is croſt in the production of a monſter (the reſult of any unnatural mixture) the breed is incapable of propagating its likeneſs, and of founding a new order of creatures; ſo that unleſs all animals were allured by the beauty of their own ſpecies, generation would be at an end, and the earth unpeopled.

In the laſt place, he has made every thing that is beautiful in all other objects pleaſant, or rather has made ſo many objects appear beautiful, that he might render the whole creation more gay and delightful. He has given almoſt every thing about us the power of raiſing an agreeable idea in the imagination: ſo that it is impoſſible for us to behold his works with coldneſs or indifference, and to ſurvey ſo many beauties without a ſecret ſatisfaction and complacency. Things would make but a poor appearance to the eye, if we ſaw them only in their proper figures and motions: and what reaſon can we aſſign for their exciting in us many of thoſe ideas which are different from any thing that exiſts in the objects themſelves, (for ſuch are light and colours) were it not to add ſupernumerary ornaments to the univerſe, and make it more agreeable to the imagination? We are every where entertained with pleaſing ſhows and apparitions, we diſcover imaginary glories in the heavens, and in the earth, and ſee ſome of this viſionary beauty poured out upon the whole creation; but what a rough unſightly

unſightly ſketch of nature ſhould we be entertained with, did all her colouring diſappear, and the ſeveral diſtinctions of light and ſhade vaniſh? In ſhort, our ſouls are at preſent delightfully loſt and bewildered in a pleaſing deluſion, and we walk about like the inchanted hero in a romance, who ſees beautiful caſtles, woods, and meadows; and at the ſame time hears the warbling of birds, and the purling of ſtreams; but upon the finiſhing of ſome ſecret ſpell, the fantaſtic ſcene breaks up, and the diſconſolate knight finds himſelf on a barren heath, or in a ſolitary deſert. It is not improbable that ſomething like this may be the ſtate of the ſoul after its firſt ſeparation, in reſpect of the images it will receive from matter, though indeed the ideas of colours are ſo pleaſing and beautiful in the imagination, that it is poſſible the ſoul will not be deprived of them, but perhaps find them excited by ſome other occaſional cauſe, as they are at preſent by the different impreſſions of the ſubtle matter on the organ of ſight.

I have here ſuppoſed that my reader is acquainted with that great modern diſcovery, which is at preſent univerſally acknowledged by all the enquirers into natural philoſophy: namely, that light and colours, as apprehended by the imagination, are only ideas in the mind, and not qualities that have any exiſtence in matter. As this is a truth that has been proved inconteſtably by many modern philoſophers, and is indeed one of the fineſt ſpeculations in that ſcience, if the Engliſh reader would ſee the notion explained at large, he may find it in the eighth chapter of the ſecond book of Mr. Lock's Eſſay on Human Underſtanding. O

N° 414 Wedneſday, June 25.

——————Alterius ſic
Altera poſcit opem res, & conjurat amicè.
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 411.

But mutually they need each other's help.
ROSCOMMON.

IF we conſider the works of Nature and Art, as they are qualified to entertain the imagination, we ſhall find the laſt very defective, in compariſon of the former; for though they may ſometimes appear as beautiful or ſtrange, they can have nothing in them of that vaſtneſs and immenſity, which afford ſo great an entertainment to the mind of the beholder. The one may be as polite and delicate as the other, but can never ſhew herſelf ſo auguſt and magnificent in the deſign. There is ſomething more bold and maſterly in the rough careleſs ſtrokes of nature, than in the nice touches and embelliſhments of art. The beauties of the moſt ſtately garden or palace lie in a narrow compaſs, the imagination immediately runs them over, and requires ſomething elſe to gratify her; but in the wide fields of nature, the ſight wanders up and down without confinement, and is fed with an infinite variety of images, without any certain ſtint or number. For this reaſon we always find the poet in love with the country life, where nature appears in the greateſt perfection, and furniſhes out all thoſe ſcenes that are moſt apt to delight the imagination.

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, & fugit urbes.
Hor. Ep. 2. l. 2. v. 77

——To grottoes and to groves we run,
To eaſe and ſilence ev'ry Muſe's ſon. POPE.

Hic ſecura quies, & neſcia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum, hìc latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ,

Speluncæ, vivique lacus; hìc frigida tempe,
Mugituſque boum, molleſque ſub arbore ſomni.
Virg. Georg. l. 2. v. 467.

Here eaſy quiet, a ſecure retreat,
A harmleſs life that knows not how to cheat,
With home-bred plenty the rich owner bleſs,
And rural pleaſures crown his happineſs.
Unvex'd with quarrels, undiſturb'd with noiſe,
The country king his peaceful realm enjoys:
Cool grots, and living lakes, the flow'ry pride
Of meads, and ſtreams that through the valley glide;
And ſhady groves that eaſy ſleep invite,
And, after toilſome days, a ſhort repoſe at night.
DRYDEN.

But though there are ſeveral of thoſe wild ſcenes, that are more delightful than any artificial ſhows; yet we find the works of nature ſtill more pleaſant, the more they reſemble thoſe of art: for in this caſe our pleaſure riſes from a double principle from the agreeableneſs of the objects to the eye, and from their ſimilitude to other objects: we are pleaſed as well with comparing their beauties, as with ſurveying them, and can repreſent them to our minds, either as copies or originals. Hence it is that we take delight in a proſpect which is well laid out, and diverſified with fields and meadows, woods and rivers; in thoſe accidental landſkips of trees, clouds, and cities, that are ſometimes found in the veins of marble; in the curious fret-work of rocks and grottoes; and in a word, in any thing that hath ſuch a variety or regularity as may ſeem the effect of deſign in what we call the works of chance.

If the products of nature riſe in value according as they more or leſs reſemble thoſe of art, we may be ſure that artificial works receive a greater advantage from their reſemblance of ſuch as are natural; becauſe here the ſimilitude is not only pleaſant, but the pattern more perfect. The prettieſt landſkip I ever ſaw, was one drawn on the walls of a dark room, which ſtood oppoſite on one ſide to a navigable river, and on the other to a park. The experiment is very common in optics.

Here you might discover the waves and fluctuations of the water in strong and proper colours, with the picture of a ship entring at one end, and sailing by degrees through the whole piece. On another there appeared the green shadows of trees waving to and fro with the wind, and herds of deer among them in miniature, leaping about upon the wall. I must confess, the novelty of such a sight may be one occasion of its pleasantness to the imagination; but certainly the chief reason is its near resemblance to nature, as it does not only, like other pictures, give the colour and figure, but the motion of the things it represents.

We have before observed, that there is generally in nature something more grand and august, than what we meet with in the curiosities of art. When, therefore, we see this imitated in any measure, it gives us a nobler and more exalted kind of pleasure, than what we receive from the nicer and more accurate productions of art. On this account our English gardens are not so entertaining to the fancy as those in France and Italy, where we see a large extent of ground covered over with an agreeable mixture of garden and forest, which represent every where an artificial rudeness, much more charming than that neatness and elegancy which we meet with in those of our own country. It might, indeed, be of ill consequence to the public, as well as unprofitable to private persons, to alienate so much ground from pasturage, and the plough, in many parts of a country that is so well peopled, and cultivated to a far greater advantage. But why may not a whole estate be thrown into a kind of a garden by frequent plantations, that may turn as much to the profit, as the pleasure of the owner? A marsh overgrown with willows, or a mountain shaded with oaks, are not only more beautiful, but more beneficial, than when they lie bare and unadorned. Fields of corn make a pleasant prospect, and if the walks were a little taken care of that lie between them, if the natural embroidery of the meadows were helped and improved by some small additions of art, and the several rows of hedges set off by trees and flowers, that the soil was capable of receiving, a man might make a pretty landskip of his own possessions.

Writers,

Writers, who have given us an account of China, tell us the inhabitants of that country laugh at the plantations of our Europeans, which are laid out by the rule and line; becauſe, they ſay, any one may place trees in equal rows and uniform figures. They chooſe rather to ſhew a genius in works of this nature, and therefore always conceal the art by which they direct themſelves. They have a word, it ſeems, in their language, by which they expreſs the particular beauty of a plantation that thus ſtrikes the imagination at firſt ſight, without diſcovering what it is that has ſo agreeable an effect. Our Britiſh gardeners, on the contrary, inſtead of humouring nature, love to deviate from it as much as poſſible. Our trees riſe in cones, globes, and pyramids. We ſee the marks of the ſciſſars upon every plant and buſh. I do not know whether I am ſingular in my opinion, but for my own part, I would rather look upon a tree in all its luxuriancy and diffuſion of boughs and branches, than when it is thus cut and trimmed into a mathematical figure; and cannot but fancy that an orchard in flower looks infinitely more delightful, than all the little labyrinths of the moſt finiſhed parterre. But as our great modellers of gardens have their magazines of plants to diſpoſe of, it is very natural for them to tear up all the beautiful plantations of fruit-trees, and contrive a plan that may moſt turn to their own profit, in taking off their evergreens, and the like moveable plants, with which their ſhops are plentifully ſtocked. O

N° 415 Thurſday, June 26.

Adde tot egregias urbes, operumque laborem.
Virg. Georg. 2. v. 155.

Next add our cities of illuſtrious name,
Their coſtly labour and ſtupendous frame. DRYDEN.

HAVING already ſhewn how the fancy is affected by the works of nature, and afterwards conſidered in general both the works of nature and of art, how they mutually aſſiſt and complete each other in forming ſuch

ſcenes

ſcenes and proſpects as are moſt apt to delight the mind of the beholder, I ſhall in this paper throw together ſome reflections on that particular art, which has a more immediate tendency, than any other, to produce thoſe primary pleaſures of the imagination, which have hitherto been the ſubject of this diſcourſe. The art I mean is that of architecture, which I ſhall conſider only with regard to the light in which the foregoing ſpeculations have placed it, without entering into thoſe rules and maxims which the great maſters of architecture have laid down, and explained at large in numberleſs treatiſes upon that ſubject.

Greatneſs, in the works of architecture, may be conſidered as relating to the bulk and body of the ſtructure, or to the manner in which it is built. As for the firſt, we find the ancients, eſpecially among the eaſtern nations of the world, infinitely ſuperior to the moderns.

Not to mention the Tower of Babel, of which an old author ſays, there were the foundations to be ſeen in his time, which looked like a ſpacious mountain; what could be more noble than the walls of Babylon, its hanging gardens, and its temple tŏ Jupiter Belus, that roſe a mile high by eight ſeveral ſtories, each ſtory a furlong in height, and on the top of which was the Babylonian obſervatory. I might here, likewiſe, take notice of the huge rock that was cut into the figure of Semiramis, with the ſmaller rocks that lay by it in the ſhape of tributary kings; the prodigious baſon, or artificial lake, which took in the whole Euphrates, till ſuch time as a new canal was formed for its reception, with the ſeveral trenches through which that river was conveyed. I know there are perſons who look upon ſome of theſe wonders of art as fabulous, but I cannot find any ground for ſuch a ſuſpicion, unleſs it be that we have no ſuch works among us at preſent. There were indeed many greater advantages for building in thoſe times, and in that part of the world, than have been met with ever ſince. The earth was extremely fruitful, men lived generally on paſturage, which requires a much ſmaller number of hands than agriculture: There were few trades to employ the buſy part of mankind,

and

and fewer arts and ſciences to give work to men of ſpeculative tempers; and what is more than all the reſt, the Prince was abſolute; ſo that when he went to war, he put himſelf at the head of a whole people: as we find Semiramis leading her three millions to the field, and yet overpowered by the number of her enemies. 'Tis no wonder, therefore, when ſhe was at peace, and turned her thoughts on building, that ſhe could accompliſh ſo great works, with ſuch a prodigious multitude of labourers: beſides that in her climate, there was ſmall interruptions of froſt and winters, which make the northern workmen lie half the year idle. I might mention too, among the benefits of the climate, what hiſtorians ſay of the earth, that it ſweated out a bitumen or natural kind of mortar, which is doubtleſs the ſame with that mentioned in Holy Writ, as contributing to the ſtructure of Babel. Slime they uſed inſtead of mortar.

In Egypt we ſtill ſee their pyramids, which anſwer to the deſcriptions that have been made of them; and I queſtion not but a traveller might find out ſome remains of the labyrinth that covered a whole province, and had a hundred temples diſpoſed among its ſeveral quarters and diviſions.

The wall of China is one of theſe eaſtern pieces of magnificence, which makes a figure even in the map of the world, although an account of it would have been thought fabulous, were not the wall itſelf ſtill extant.

We are obliged to devotion for the nobleſt buildings that have adorned the ſeveral countries of the world. It is this which has ſet men at work on temples and public places of worſhip, not only that they might, by the magnificence of the building, invite the Deity to reſide within it, but that ſuch ſtupendous works might, at the ſame time, open the mind to vaſt conceptions, and fit it to converſe with the divinity of the place. For every thing that is majeſtic imprints an awfulneſs and reverence on the mind of the beholder, and ſtrikes in with the natural greatneſs of the ſoul.

In the ſecond place, we are to conſider greatneſs of manner in architecture, which has ſuch force upon the imagination, that a ſmall building, where it appears,

ſhall

ſhall give the mind nobler ideas than one of twenty times the bulk, where the manner is ordinary or little. Thus, perhaps, a man would have been more aſtoniſhed with the majeſtic air that appeared in one of Lyſippus's ſtatues of Alexander, though no bigger than the life, than he might have been with mount Athos, had it been cut into the figure of the hero, according to the propoſal of Phidias, with a river in one hand, and a city in the other.

Let any one reflect on the diſpoſition of mind he finds in himſelf, at his firſt entrance into the Pantheon at Rome, and how the imagination is filled with ſomething great and amazing; and, at the ſame time, conſider how little in proportion he is affected with the inſide of a Gothic cathedral, though it be five times larger than the other; which can ariſe from nothing elſe but the greatneſs of the manner in the one, and the meanneſs in the other.

I have ſeen an obſervation upon this ſubject in a French author, which very much pleaſed me. It is in Monſieur Freart's parallel of the ancient and modern architecture. I ſhall give it the reader with the ſame terms of art which he has made uſe of. "I am obſerving (ſays he) a thing, which, in my opinion, is very curious, whence it proceeds, that in the ſame quantity of ſuperficies, the one manner ſeems great and magnificent, and the other poor and trifling; the reaſon is fine and uncommon. I ſay then, that to introduce into architecture this grandeur of manner, we ought ſo to proceed, that the diviſion of the principal members of the order may conſiſt but of few parts, that they be all great and of a bold and ample relievo, and ſwelling; and that the eye beholding nothing little and mean, the imagination may be more vigorouſly touched and affected with the work that ſtands before it. For example; in a cornice, if the gola or cymatium of the corona, the coping, the modillions or dentelli, make a noble ſhow by their graceful projections, if we ſee none of that ordinary confuſion which is the reſult of thoſe little cavities, quarter-rounds of the aſtragal, and I know not how many other intermingled particulars, which produce no effect in great and maſſy works, and which very unprofitably take up place to the prejudice of the principal member, it is

moſt

moſt certain that this manner will appear ſolemn and great; as on the contrary, that it will have but a poor and mean effect, where there is a redundancy of thoſe ſmaller ornaments, which divide and ſcatter the angles of the ſight into ſuch a multitude of rays, ſo preſſed together that the whole will appear but a confuſion."

Among all the figures of architecture, there are none that have a greater air than the concave and the convex, and we find in all the ancient and modern architecture, as well in the remote parts of China, as in countries nearer home, that round pillars and vaulted roofs make a great part of thoſe buildings which are deſigned for pomp and magnificence. The reaſon I take to be, becauſe in theſe figures we generally ſee more of the body, than in thoſe of other kinds. There are, indeed, figures of bodies, where the eye may take in two thirds of the ſurface; but as in ſuch bodies the ſight muſt ſplit upon ſeveral angles, it does not take in one uniform idea, but ſeveral ideas of the ſame kind. Look upon the outſide of a dome, your eye half ſurrounds it; look upon the inſide, and at one glance you have all the proſpect of it; the intire concavity falls into your eye at once, the ſight being as the center that collects and gathers into it the lines of the whole circumference: in a ſquare pillar, the ſight often takes in but a fourth part of the ſurface; and in a ſquare concave, muſt move up and down to the different ſides, before it is maſter of all the inward ſurface. For this reaſon, the fancy is infinitely more ſtruck with the view of the open air, and ſkies, that paſſes through an arch, than what comes through a ſquare, or any other figure. The figure of the rainbow does not contribute leſs to its magnificence, than the colours to its beauty, as it is very poetically deſcribed by the ſon of Sirach: "Look upon the rainbow, and praiſe him that made it; very beautiful it is in its brightneſs; it encompaſſes the heavens with a glorious circle, and the hands of the Moſt High have bended it."

Having thus ſpoken of that greatneſs which affects the mind in architecture, I might next ſhew the pleaſure that riſes in the imagination from what appears new and beautiful in this art; but as every beholder has naturally a greater taſte of theſe two perfections in every building which offers itſelf to his view, than of that which

which I have hitherto conſidered, I ſhall not trouble my reader with any reflections upon it. It is ſufficient for my preſent purpoſe to obſerve, that there is nothing in this whole art which pleaſes the imagination, but as it is great, uncommon, or beautiful. O

N° 416 Friday, June 27.

Quatenùs hoc ſimile eſt oculis, quod mente videmus.
Lucr. l. 4. v. 754.

——— Objects ſtill appear the ſame
To mind and eye, in colour and in frame.
CREECH.

I At firſt divided the pleaſures of the imagination into ſuch as ariſe from objects that are actually before our eyes, or that once entered in at our eyes, and are afterwards called up into the mind either barely by its own operations, or on occaſion of ſomething without us, as ſtatues, or deſcriptions. We have already conſidered the firſt diviſion, and ſhall therefore enter on the other, which, for diſtinction ſake, I have called the ſecondary pleaſures of the imagination. When I ſay the ideas we receive from ſtatues, deſcriptions, or ſuch like occaſions, are the ſame that were once actually in our view, it muſt not be underſtood that we had once ſeen the very place, action, or perſon which are carved or deſcribed. It is ſufficient, that we have ſeen places, perſons, or actions in general which bear a reſemblance, or at leaſt ſome remote analogy, with what we find repreſented. Since it is in the power of the imagination, when it is once ſtocked with particular ideas, to enlarge, compound, and vary them at her own pleaſure.

Among the different kinds of repreſentation, ſtatuary is the moſt natural, and ſhews us ſomething likeſt the object that is repreſented. To make uſe of a common inſtance, let one, who is born blind, take an image in his hands, and trace out with his fingers the different

ferent furrows and impreſſions of the chiſſel, and he will eaſily conceive how the ſhape of a man, or beaſt, may be repreſented by it; but ſhould he draw his hand over a picture, where all is ſmooth and uniform, he would never be able to imagine how the ſeveral prominencies and depreſſions of a human body could be ſhewn on a plain piece of canvas, that has in it no unevenneſs or irregularity. Deſcription runs yet farther from the things it repreſents than painting; for a picture bears a real reſemblance to its original, which letters and ſyllables are wholly void of. Colours ſpeak all languages, but words are underſtood only by ſuch a people or nation. For this reaſon, though men's neceſſities quickly put them on finding out ſpeech, writing is probably of a later invention than painting; particularly we are told that in America, when the Spaniards firſt arrived there, expreſſes were ſent to the emperor of Mexico in paint, and the news of his country delineated by the ſtrokes of a pencil, which was a more natural way than that of writing, though at the ſame time much more imperfect, becauſe it is impoſſible to draw the little connexions of ſpeech, or to give the picture of a conjunction or an adverb. It would be yet more ſtrange, to repreſent viſible objects by ſounds that have no ideas annexed to them, and to make ſomething like deſcripti.n in muſic. Yet it is certain, there may be confuſed, imperfect, notions of this nature raiſed in the imagination by an artificial compoſition of notes; and we find that great maſters in the art are able, ſometimes, to ſet their hearers in the heat and hurry of a battle, to overcaſt their minds with melancholy ſcenes and apprehenſions of deaths and funerals, or to lull them into pleaſing dreams of groves and elyſiums.

In all theſe inſtances, this ſecondary pleaſure of the imagination proceeds from that action of the mind, which compares the ideas ariſing from the original objects, with the ideas we receive from the ſtatue, picture, deſcription, or ſound that repreſents them. It is impoſſible for us to give the neceſſary reaſon, why this operation of the mind is attended with ſo much pleaſure, as I have before obſerved on the ſame occaſion; but we find a great variety of entertainments de-

rived from this ſingle principle: for it is this that not only gives us a reliſh of ſtatuary, painting, and deſcription, but makes us delight in all the actions and arts of mimickry. It is this that makes the ſeveral kinds of wit pleaſant, which conſiſts, as I have formerly ſhewn, in the affinity of ideas: And we may add, it is this alſo that raiſes the little ſatisfaction we ſometimes find in the different ſorts of falſe wit; whether it conſiſts in the affinity of letters, as an anagram, acroſtic; or of ſyllables, as in doggerel rhimes, echoes; or of words, as in puns, quibbles; or of a whole ſentence or poem, as wings and altars. The final cauſe, probably, of annexing pleaſure to this operation of the mind, was to quicken and encourage us in our ſearches after truth, ſince the diſtinguiſhing one thing from another, and the right diſcerning betwixt our ideas, depends wholly upon our comparing them together, and obſerving the congruity or diſagreement that appears among the ſeveral works of nature.

But I ſhall here confine myſelf to thoſe pleaſures of the imagination, which proceed from ideas raiſed by words, becauſe moſt of the obſervations that agree with deſcriptions, are equally applicable to painting and ſtatuary.

Words, when well choſen, have ſo great a force in them, that a deſcription often gives us more lively ideas than the ſight of things themſelves. The reader finds a ſcene drawn in ſtronger colours, and painted more to the life in his imagination, by the help of words, than by an actual ſurvey of the ſcene which they deſcribe. In this caſe the poet ſeems to get the better of nature; he takes, indeed, the landſkip after her, but gives it more vigorous touches, heightens its beauty, and ſo enlivens the whole piece, that the images which flow from the objects themſelves appear weak and faint, in compariſon of thoſe that come from the expreſſions. The reaſon, probably, may be, becauſe in the ſurvey of any object, we have only ſo much of it painted on the imagination, as comes in at the eye; but in its deſcription, the poet gives us as free a view of it as he pleaſes, and diſcovers to us ſeveral parts, that either we did not attend to, or that lay out of our ſight when we

firſt beheld it. As we look on any object, our idea of it is, perhaps, made up of two or three ſimple ideas; but when the poet repreſents it, he may either give us a more complex idea of it, or only raiſe in us ſuch ideas as are moſt apt to affect the imagination.

It may be here worth our while to examine how it comes to paſs that ſeveral readers, who are all acquainted with the ſame language, and know the meaning of the words they read, ſhould nevertheleſs have a different reliſh of the ſame deſcriptions. We find one tranſported with a paſſage, which another runs over with coldneſs and indifference, or finding the repreſentation extremely natural, where another can perceive nothing of likeneſs and conformity. This different taſte muſt proceed either from the perfection of imagination in one more than in another, or from the different ideas that ſeveral readers affix to the ſame words. For, to have a true reliſh, and form a right judgment of a deſcription, a man ſhould be born with a good imagination, and muſt have well weighed the force and energy that lie in the ſeveral words of a language, ſo as to be able to diſtinguiſh which are moſt ſignificant and expreſſive of their proper ideas, and what additional ſtrength and beauty they are capable of receiving from conjunction with others. The fancy muſt be warm, to retain the print of thoſe images it hath received from outward objects, and the judgment diſcerning, to know what expreſſions are moſt proper to clothe and adorn them to the beſt advantage. A man who is deficient in either of theſe reſpects, though he may receive the general notion of a deſcription, can never ſee diſtinctly all its particular beauties: as a perſon with a weak ſight may have the confuſed proſpect of a place that lies before him, without entering into its ſeveral parts, or diſcerning the variety of its colours in their full glory and perfection.

N° 417 Saturday, June 28.

Quem tu, Melpomene, ſemel
Naſcentem placido lumine videris,
Non illum labor Iſthmius
Clarabit pugilem, non equus impiger, &c.

Sed quæ Tibur aquæ fertile perfluunt.
Et ſpiſſæ nemorum comæ
Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem.

Hor. Od. 3. l. 4 v. 1.

At whoſe bleſt birth propitious rays
The Muſes ſhed, on whom they ſmile,
No duſky Iſthmian game
Shall ſtouteſt of the ring proclaim,
Or, to reward his toil,
Wreath ivy crowns, and grace his head with bays.

But fruitful Tibur's ſhady groves,
Its pleaſant ſprings, and purling ſtreams,
Shall raiſe a laſting name,
And ſet him high in ſounding fame
For Lyric verſe. CREECH.

WE may obſerve, that any ſingle circumſtance of what we have formerly ſeen often raiſes up a whole ſcene of imagery, and awakens numberleſs ideas that before ſlept in the imagination; ſuch a particular ſmell or colour is able to fill the mind, on a ſudden, with the picture of the fields or gardens where we firſt met with it, and to bring up into view all the variety of images that once attended it. Our imagination takes the hint, and leads us unexpectedly into cities or theatres, plains or meadows. We may further obſerve, when the fancy thus reflects on the ſcenes that have paſt in it formerly, thoſe which were at firſt pleaſant to behold, appear more ſo upon reflection, and that the memory heightens the delightfulneſs of the original. A Carteſian would account for both theſe inſtances in the following manner.

The

The ſet of ideas which we received from ſuch a proſpect or garden, having entered the mind at the ſame time, have a ſet of traces belonging to them in the brain, bordering very near upon one another; when, therefore, any one of theſe ideas ariſes in the imagination, and conſequently diſpatches a flow of animal ſpirits to its proper trace, theſe ſpirits, in the violence of their motion, run not only into the trace, to which they were more particularly directed, but into ſeveral of thoſe that lie about it: by this means they awaken other ideas of the ſame ſet, which immediately determine a new diſpatch of ſpirits, that in the ſame manner open other neighbouring traces, till at laſt the whole ſet of them is blown up, and the whole proſpect or garden flouriſhes in the imagination. But becauſe the pleaſure we received from theſe places far ſurmounted, and overcame the little diſagreeableneſs we found in them; for this reaſon there was at firſt a wider paſſage worn in the pleaſure traces, and on the contrary, ſo narrow a one in thoſe which belonged to the diſagreeable ideas, that they were quickly ſtopt up, and rendered incapable of receiving any animal ſpirits, and conſequently of exciting any unpleaſant ideas in the memory.

It would be in vain to enquire, whether the power of imagining things ſtrongly proceeds from any greater perfection in the ſoul, or from any nicer texture in the brain of one man than of another. But this is certain, that a noble writer ſhould be born with this faculty in its full ſtrength and vigour, ſo as to be able to receive lively ideas from outward objects, to retain them long, and to range them together, upon occaſion, in ſuch figures and repreſentations as are moſt likely to hit the fancy of the reader. A poet ſhould take as much pains in forming his imagination, as a philoſopher in cultivating his underſtanding. He muſt gain a due reliſh of the works of nature, and be thoroughly converſant in the various ſcenery of a country life.

When he is ſtored with country images, if he would go beyond paſtoral and the lower kinds of poetry, he ought to acquaint himſelf with the pomp and magnificence of courts. He ſhould be very well verſed in every thing that is noble and ſtately in the productions

of art, whether it appear in painting or ſtatuary, in the great works of architecture which are in their preſent glory, or in the ruins of thoſe which flouriſhed in former ages.

Such advantages as theſe help to open a man's thoughts, and to enlarge his imagination, and will therefore have their influence on all kinds of writing, if the author knows how to make right uſe of them. And among thoſe of the learned languages who excel in this talent, the moſt perfect in their ſeveral kinds are perhaps Homer, Virgil, and Ovid. The firſt ſtrikes the imagination wonderfully with what is great, the ſecond with what is beautiful, and the laſt with what is ſtrange. Reading the Iliad, is like travelling through a country uninhabited, where the fancy is entertained with a thouſand ſavage proſpects of vaſt deſerts, wide uncultivated marſhes, huge foreſts, miſhapen rocks and precipices. On the contrary, the Æneid is like a well ordered garden, where it is impoſſible to find out any part unadorned, or to caſt our eyes upon a ſingle ſpot that does not produce ſome beautiful plant or flower. But when we are in the Metamorphoſis we are walking on inchanted ground, and ſee nothing but ſcenes of magic lying round us.

Homer is in his province, when he is deſcribing a battle or a multitude, a hero or a god. Virgil is never better pleaſed, than when he is in his Elyſium, or copying out an entertaining picture. Homer's epithets generally mark out what is great, Virgil's what is agreeable. Nothing can be more magnificent than the figure Jupiter makes in the firſt Iliad, nor more charming than that of Venus in the firſt Æneid.

Ἦ, καὶ κυανέῃσιν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι νεῦσε Κρονίων,
Ἀμβρόσιαι δ' ἄρα χαῖται ἐπερρώσαντο ἄνακτος
Κρατὸς ἀπ' ἀθανάτοιο· μέγαν δ' ἐλέλιξεν Ὄλυμπον.

Iliad lib. 1. v. 528.

He ſpoke, and awful bends his ſable brows;
Shakes his ambroſial curls, and gives the nod,
The ſtamp of fate, and ſanction of the God:
High heav'n with trembling the dread ſignal took,
And all Olympus to the center ſhook.

POPE.

Dixit.

Dixit & avertens roſeâ cervice refulſit:
Ambroſiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere: Pedes veſtis defluxit ad imos,
Et vera inceſſu patuit Dea——— Æn. 1. v. 406

Thus having ſaid, ſhe turn'd and made appear
Her neck refulgent, and diſhevel'd hair;
Which, flowing from her ſhoulders, reach'd the ground,
And widely ſpread ambroſial ſcents around:
In length of train deſcends her ſweeping gown,
And by her graceful walk the queen of love is known.
DRYDEN.

Homer's perſons are moſt of them godlike and terrible; Virgil has ſcarce admitted any into his poem, who are not beautiful, and has taken particular care to make his hero ſo.

———lumenque juventæ
Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflavit honores.
Æn. 1. v. 590.

And gave his rolling eyes a ſparkling grace,
And breath'd a youthful vigour on his face.
DRYDEN.

In a word, Homer fills his readers with ſublime ideas, and, I believe, has raiſed the imagination of all the good poets that have come after him. I ſhall only inſtance Horace, who immediately takes fire at the firſt hint of any paſſage in the Iliad or Odyſſey, and always riſes above himſelf, when he has Homer in his view. Virgil has drawn together into his Æneid, all the pleaſing ſcenes his ſubject is capable of admitting, and in his Georgics has given us a collection of the moſt delightful landſkips that can be made out of fields and woods, herds of cattle and ſwarms of bees.

Ovid, in his Metamorphoſes, has ſhewn us how the imagination may be affected by what is ſtrange. He deſcribes a miracle in every ſtory, and always gives us the ſight of ſome new creature at the end of it. His art conſiſts chiefly in well timing his deſcription, before the firſt ſhape is quite worn off, and the new one perfectly finiſhed; ſo that he every where entertains us with ſomething

thing we never ſaw before, and ſhews monſter after monſter to the end of the Metamorphoſis.

If I were to name a poet that is a perfect maſter in all theſe arts of working on the imagination, I think Milton may paſs for one: and if his Paradiſe Loſt falls ſhort of the Æneid or Iliad in this reſpect, it proceeds rather from the fault of the language in which it in written, than from any defect of genius in the author. So divine a poem in Engliſh, is like a ſtately palace built of brick, where one may ſee architecture in as great a perfection as in one of marble, though the materials are of a coarſer nature. But to conſider it only as it regards our preſent ſubject; what can be conceived greater than the battle of angels, the majeſty of Meſſiah, the ſtature and behaviour of Satan and his peers? What more beautiful than Pandæmonium, paradiſe, heaven, angels, Adam and Eve? What more ſtrange, than the creation of the world, the ſeveral metamorphoſes of the fallen angels, and the ſurpriſing adventures their leader meets with in his ſearch after paradiſe? No other ſubject could have furniſhed a poet with ſcenes ſo proper to ſtrike the imagination, as no other poet could have painted thoſe ſcenes in more ſtrong and lively colours. O

N° 418 Monday, June 30

——— feret & rubus aſper amomum.
Virg. Ecl. 3. v. 89.

The rugged thorn ſhall bear the fragrant roſe.

THE pleaſures of theſe ſecondary views of the imagination, are of a wider and more univerſal nature than thoſe it has when joined with ſight; for not only what is great, ſtrange, or beautiful, but any thing that is diſagreeable when looked upon, pleaſes us in an apt deſcription. Here, therefore, we muſt inquire a new principle of pleaſure, which is nothing elſe but the action of the mind, which compares the ideas that ariſe

ariſe from words, with the ideas that ariſe from the objects themſelves; and why this operation of the mind is attended with ſo much pleaſure, we have before conſidered. For this reaſon therefore, the deſcription of a dunghill is pleaſing to the imagination, if the image be repreſented to our minds by ſuitable expreſſions; though, perhaps, this may be more properly called the pleaſure of the underſtanding than of the fancy, becauſe we are not ſo much delighted with the image that is contained in the deſcription, as with the aptneſs of the deſcription to excite the image.

But if the deſcription of what is little, common, or deformed, be acceptable to the imagination, the deſcription of what is great, ſurpriſing, or beautiful, is much more ſo; becauſe here we are not only delighted with comparing the repreſentation with the original, but are highly pleaſed with the original itſelf. Moſt readers, I believe are more charmed with Milton's deſcription of paradiſe, than of hell; they are both, perhaps, equally perfect in their kind, but in the one the brimſtone and ſulphur are not ſo refreſhing to the imagination, as the beds of flowers and the wilderneſs of ſweets in the other.

There is yet another circumſtance which recommends a deſcription more than all the reſt, and that is if it repreſents to us ſuch objects as are apt to raiſe a ſecret ferment in the mind of the reader, and to work, with violence, upon his paſſions. For, in this caſe, we are at once warmed and enlightened, ſo that the pleaſure becomes more univerſal, and is ſeveral ways qualified to entertain us. Thus in painting, it is pleaſant to look on the picture of any face, where the reſemblance is hit; but the pleaſure increaſes, if it be the picture of a face that is beautiful; and is ſtill greater, if the beauty be ſoftned with an air of melancholy or ſorrow. The two leading paſſions which the more ſerious parts of poetry endeavour to ſtir up in us, are terror and pity. And here, by the way, one would wonder how it comes to paſs, that ſuch paſſions as are very unpleaſant at all other times, are very agreeable when excited by proper deſcriptions. It is not ſtrange, that we ſhould take delight in ſuch paſſages as are apt to produce hope, joy,

admiration,

admiration, love, or the like emotions in us, becauſe they never riſe in the mind without an inward pleaſure which attends them. But how comes it to paſs, that we ſhould take delight in being terrified or dejected by a deſcription, when we find ſo much uneaſineſs in the fear or grief which we receive from any other occaſion?

If we conſider, therefore, the nature of this pleaſure, we ſhall find that it does not ariſe ſo properly from the deſcription of what is terrible, as from the reflexion we make on ourſelves at the time of reading it. When we look on ſuch hideous objects, we are not a little pleaſed to think we are in no danger of them. We conſider them, at the ſame time, as dreadful and harmleſs; ſo that the more frightful appearance they make, the greater is the pleaſure we receive from the ſenſe of our own ſafety. In ſhort, we look upon the terrors of a deſcription, with the ſame curioſity and ſatisfaction that we ſurvey a dead monſter.

——Informe cadaver
Protrahitur: nequeunt expleri corda tuendo
Terribiles oculos, vultum, villoſaque ſetis
Pectora ſemiferi, atque extinctos faucibus ignes.
Virg. Æn. 8. v. 264.

——They drag him from his den.
The wond'ring neighbourhood, with glad ſurpriſe,
Beheld his ſhagged breaſt, his giant ſize,
His mouth that flames no more, and his extinguiſh'd eyes.
Dryden.

It is for the ſame reaſon that we are delighted with the reflecting upon dangers that are paſt, or in looking on a precipice at a diſtance, which would fill us with a different kind of horror, if we ſaw it hanging over our heads.

In the like manner, when we read of torments, wounds, deaths, and the like diſmal accidents, our pleaſure does not flow ſo properly from the grief which ſuch melancholy deſcriptions give us, as from the ſecret compariſon which we make between ourſelves and the perſon

perſon who ſuffers. Such repreſentations teach us to ſet a juſt value upon our own condition, and make us prize our good fortune, which exempts us from the like calamities. This is, however, ſuch a kind of pleaſure as we are not capable of receiving, when we ſee a perſon actually lying under the tortures that we meet with in a deſcription; becauſe in this caſe, the object preſſes too cloſe upon our ſenſes, and bears ſo hard upon us, that it does not give us time or leiſure to reflect on ourſelves. Our thoughts are ſo intent upon the miſeries of the ſufferer, that we cannot turn them upon our own happineſs. Whereas, on the contrary, we conſider the misfortunes we read in hiſtory or poetry, either as paſt, or as fictitious, ſo that the reflexion upon ourſelves riſes in us inſenſibly, and overbears the ſorrow we conceive for the ſufferings of the afflicted.

But becauſe the mind of man requires ſomething more perfect in matter, than what it finds there, and can never meet with any ſight in nature which ſufficiently anſwers its higheſt ideas of pleaſantneſs; or, in other words, becauſe the imagination can fancy to itſelf things more great, ſtrange, or beautiful, than the eye ever ſaw, and is ſtill ſenſible of ſome defect in what it has ſeen; on this account it is the part of a poet to humour the imagination in our own notions, by mending and perfecting nature where he deſcribes a reality, and by adding greater beauties than are put together in nature, where he deſcribes a fiction.

He is not obliged to attend her in the ſlow advances which ſhe makes from one ſeaſon to another, or to obſerve her conduct in the ſucceſſive production of plants and flowers. He may draw into his deſcription all the beauties of the ſpring and autumn, and make the whole year contribute ſomething to render it the more agreeable. His roſe-trees, wood-bines and jeſſamines may flower together, and his beds be covered at the ſame time with lilies, violets, and amaranths. His ſoil is not reſtrained to any particular ſet of plants, but is proper either for oaks or myrtles, and adapts itſelf to the products of every climate. Oranges may grow wild in it; myrrh may be met with in every hedge, and if he thinks it proper to have a grove of ſpices, he can quickly command

mand ſun enough to raiſe it. If all this will not furniſh out an agreeable ſcene, he can make ſeveral new ſpecies of flowers, with richer ſcents and higher colours than any that grow in the gardens of Nature. His concerts of birds may be as full and harmonious, and his woods as thick and gloomy as he pleaſes. He is at no more expence in a long viſta, than a ſhort one, and can as eaſily throw his caſcades from a precipice of half a mile high, as from one of twenty yards. He has his choice of the winds, and can turn the courſe of his rivers in all the variety of meanders, that are moſt delightful to the reader's imagination. In a word, he has the modelling of nature in his own hands, and may give her what charms he pleaſes, provided he does not reform her too much, and run into abſurdities, by endeavouring to excel. O

N° 419 Tueſday, July 1.

—mentis gratiſſimus error. Hor. Ep. 2. l. 2. v. 140.

In pleaſing error loſt, and charmingly deceiv'd.

THERE is a kind of writing, wherein the poet quite loſes ſight of Nature, and entertains his reader's imagination with the characters and actions of ſuch perſons as have many of them no exiſtence, but what he beſtows on them. Such are fairies, witches, magicians, demons, and departed ſpirits. This Mr. Dryden calls "The fairy way of writing," which is, indeed, more difficult than any other that depends on the poet's fancy, becauſe he has no pattern to follow in it, and muſt work altogether out of his own invention.

There is a very odd turn of thought required for this ſort of writing, and it is impoſſible for a poet to ſucceed in it, who has not a particular caſt of fancy, and an imagination naturally fruitful and ſuperſtitious. Beſides this, he ought to be very well verſed in legends and fables, antiquated romances, and the traditions of nurſes and old women, that he may fall in with our natural prejudices,

prejudices, and humour thoſe notions which we have imbibed in our infancy. For otherwiſe he will be apt to make his fairies talk like people of his own ſpecies, and not like other ſets of beings, who converſe with different objects, and think in a different manner from that of mankind.

Sylvis deducti caveant, me judice, fauni.
Ne velut innati triviis, ac penè forenſes,
Aut nimiùm teneris juvenentur verſibus.
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 244.

A ſatyr, that comes ſtaring from the woods,
Muſt not at firſt ſpeak like an orator.
Roscommon.

I do not ſay, with Mr. Bays in the Rehearſal, that ſpirits muſt not be confined to ſpeak ſenſe, but it is certain their ſenſe ought to be a little diſcoloured, that it may ſeem particular, and proper to the perſon and condition of the ſpeaker.

Theſe deſcriptions raiſe a pleaſing kind of horror in the mind of the reader, and amuſe his imagination with the ſtrangeneſs and novelty of the perſons who are repreſented in them. They bring up into our memory the ſtories we have heard in our childhood, and favour thoſe ſecret terrors and apprehenſions to which the mind of man is naturally ſubject. We are pleaſed with ſurveying the different habits and behaviours of foreign countries; how much more muſt we be delighted and ſurpriſed when we are led, as it were, into a new creation, and ſee the perſons and manners of another ſpecies? Men of cold fancies and philoſophical diſpoſitions, object to this kind of poetry, that it has not probability enough to affect the imagination. But to this it may be anſwered, that we are ſure, in general, there are many intellectual beings in the world beſides ourſelves, and ſeveral ſpecies of ſpirits, who are ſubject to different laws and oeconomies from thoſe of mankind; when we ſee, therefore, any of theſe repreſented naturally, we cannot look upon the repreſentation as altogether impoſſible; nay, many are prepoſſeſt with ſuch falſe opi-

nions, as diſpoſe them to believe theſe particular deluſions; at leaſt we have all heard ſo many pleaſing relations in favour of them, that we do not care for ſeeing through the falſhood, and willingly give ourſelves up to ſo agreeable an impoſture.

The ancients have not much of this poetry among them; for, indeed, almoſt the whole ſubſtance of it owes its original to the darkneſs and ſuperſtition of later ages, when pious frauds were made uſe of to amuſe mankind, and frighten them into a ſenſe of their duty. Our forefathers looked upon nature with more reverence and horror, before the world was enlightened by learning and philoſophy, and loved to aſtoniſh themſelves with the apprehenſions of witchcraft, prodigies, charms, and inchantments. There was not a village in England that had not a ghoſt in it, the churchyards were all haunted, every large common had a circle of fairies belonging to it, and there was ſcarce a ſhepherd to be met with who had not ſeen a ſpirit.

Among all the poets of this kind our Engliſh are much the beſt, by what I have yet ſeen; whether it be that we abound with more ſtories of this nature, or that the genius of our country is fitter for this ſort of poetry. For the Engliſh are naturally fanciful, and very often diſpoſed by that gloomineſs and melancholy of temper, which is ſo frequent in our nation, to many wild notions and viſions, to which others are not ſo liable.

Among the Engliſh, Shakeſpeare has incomparably excelled all others. That noble extravagance of fancy, which he had in ſo great perfection, thoroughly qualified him to touch this weak ſuperſtitious part of his reader's imagination; and made him capable of ſucceeding, where he had nothing to ſupport him beſides the ſtrength of his own genius. There is ſomething ſo wild and yet ſo ſolemn in the ſpeeches of his ghoſts, fairies, witches, and the like imaginary perſons, that we cannot forbear thinking them natural, though we have no rule by which to judge of them, and muſt confeſs, if there are ſuch beings in the world, it looks highly probable they ſhould talk and act as he has repreſented them.

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There is another ſet of imaginary beings, that we ſometimes meet with among the poets, when the author repreſents any paſſion, appetite, virtue, or vice, under a viſible ſhape, and makes it a perſon or an actor in his poem. Of this nature are the deſcriptions of Hunger and Envy in Ovid, of Fame in Virgil, and of Sin and Death in Milton. We find a whole creation of the like ſhadowy perſons in Spenſer, who had an admirable talent in repreſentations of this kind. I have diſcourſed of theſe emblematical perſons in former papers, and ſhall therefore only mention them in this place. Thus we ſee how many ways poetry addreſſes itſelf to the imagination, as it has not only the whole circle of nature for its province, but makes new worlds of its own, ſhews us perſons who are not to be found in being, and repreſents even the faculties of the ſoul, with the ſeveral virtues and vices, in a ſenſible ſhape and character.

I ſhall, in my two following papers, conſider in general, how other kinds of writing are qualified to pleaſe the imagination, with which I intend to conclude this eſſay. O

N° 420 Wedneſday, July 2.

——Quòcunque volunt mentem auditoris agunto.
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 100.

And raiſe men's paſſions to what height they will.
ROSCOMMON.

AS the writers in poetry and fiction borrow their ſeveral materials from outward objects, and join them together at their own pleaſure, there are others who are obliged to follow nature more cloſely, and to take intire ſcenes out of her. Such are hiſtorians, natural philoſophers, travellers, geographers, and in a word, all who deſcribe viſible objects of a real exiſtence.

It is the moſt agreeable talent of an hiſtorian to be able to draw up his armies and fight his battles in proper expreſſions, to ſet before our eyes the diviſions, cabals, and jealouſies of great men, to lead us ſtep by ſtep into the ſeveral actions and events of his hiſtory. We love to ſee the ſubject unfolding itſelf by juſt degrees, and breaking upon us inſenſibly, that ſo we may be kept in a pleaſing ſuſpence, and have time given us to raiſe our expectations, and to ſide with one of the parties concerned in the relation. I confeſs this ſhews more the art than the veracity of the hiſtorian, but I am only to ſpeak of him as he is qualified to pleaſe the imagination. And in this reſpect Livy has, perhaps, excelled all who went before him, or have written ſince his time. He deſcribes every thing in ſo lively a manner, that his whole hiſtory is an admirable picture, and touches on ſuch proper circumſtances in every ſtory, that his reader becomes a kind of ſpectator, and feels in himſelf all the variety of paſſions which are correſpondent to the ſeveral parts of the relation.

But among this ſet of writers there are none who more gratify and enlarge the imagination, than the authors of the new philoſophy, whether we conſider their theories of the earth or heavens, the diſcoveries they have made by glaſſes, or any other of their contemplations on nature. We are not a little pleaſed to find every green leaf ſwarm with millions of animals, that at their largeſt growth are not viſible to the naked eye. There is ſomething very engaging to the fancy, as well as to our reaſon, in the treatiſes of metals, minerals, plants, and meteors. But when we ſurvey the whole earth at once, and the ſeveral planets that lie within its neighbourhood, we are filled with a pleaſing aſtoniſhment, to ſee ſo many worlds hanging one above another, and ſliding round their axles in ſuch an amazing pomp and ſolemnity. If, after this, we contemplate thoſe wild fields of æther, that reach in height as far as from Saturn to the fixed ſtars, and run abroad almoſt to an infinitude, our imagination finds its capacity filled with ſo immenſe a proſpect, and puts itſelf upon the ſtretch to comprehend it. But if we yet riſe higher, and conſider the fixed ſtars as ſo many vaſt oceans of flame,

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that are each of them attended with a different ſet of planets, and ſtill diſcover new firmaments and new lights that are ſunk farther in thoſe unfathomable depths of æther, ſo as not to be ſeen by the ſtrongeſt of our teleſcopes, we are loſt in ſuch a labyrinth of ſuns and worlds, and confounded with the immenſity and magnificence of nature.

Nothing is more pleaſant to the fancy, than to enlarge itſelf by degrees, in its contemplation of the various proportions which its ſeveral objects bear to each other, when it compares the body of man to the bulk of the whole earth, the earth to the circle it deſcribes round the ſun, that circle to the ſphere of the fixed ſtars, the ſphere of the fixed ſtars to the circuit of the whole creation, the whole creation itſelf to the infinite ſpace that is every where diffuſed about it; or when the imagination works downward, and conſiders the bulk of a human body, in reſpect of an animal a hundred times leſs than a mite, the particular limbs of ſuch an animal, the different ſprings which actuate the limbs, the ſpirits which ſet theſe ſprings a-going, and the proportionable minuteneſs of theſe ſeveral parts, before they have arrived at their full growth and perfection. But if, after all this, we take the leaſt particle of theſe animal ſpirits, and conſider its capacity of being wrought into a world that ſhall contain within thoſe narrow dimenſions, a heaven and earth, ſtars and planets, and every different ſpecies of living creatures, in the ſame analogy and proportion they bear to each other in our own univerſe; ſuch a ſpeculation, by reaſon of its nicety, appears ridiculous to thoſe who have not turned their thoughts that way, though at the ſame time it is founded on no leſs than the evidence of a demonſtration. Nay, we may yet carry it farther, and diſcover in the ſmalleſt particle of this little world a new unexhauſted fund of matter, capable of being ſpun out into another univerſe.

I have dwelt the longer on this ſubject, becauſe I think it may ſhew us the proper limits, as well as the defectiveneſs of our imagination; how it is confined to a very ſmall quantity of ſpace, and immediately ſtopt in its operations, when it endeavours to take in any thing that is very great, or very little. Let a man try to con-

ceive the different bulk of an animal, which is twenty, from another which is an hundred times leſs than a mite, or to compare, in his thoughts, a length of a thouſand diameters of the earth, with that of a million, and he will quickly find that he has no different meaſures in his mind, adjuſted to ſuch extraordinary degrees of grandeur or minuteneſs. The underſtanding, indeed, opens an infinite ſpace on every ſide of us, but the imagination, after a few faint efforts, is immediately at a ſtand, and finds herſelf ſwallowed up in the immenſity of the void that ſurrounds it: our reaſon can purſue a particle of matter through an infinite variety of diviſions, but the fancy ſoon loſes ſight of it, and feels in itſelf a kind of chaſm, that wants to be filled with matter of a more ſenſible bulk. We can neither widen, nor contract the faculty to the dimenſions of either extreme. The object is too big for our capacity, when we would comprehend the circumference of a world, and dwindles into nothing, when we endeavour after the idea of an atom.

It is poſſible this defect of imagination may not be in the ſoul itſelf, but as it acts in conjunction with the body. Perhaps there may not be room in the brain for ſuch a variety of impreſſions, or the animal ſpirits may be incapable of figuring them in ſuch a manner, as is neceſſary to excite ſo very large or very minute ideas. However it be, we may well ſuppoſe that beings of a higher nature very much excel us in this reſpect, as it is propable the ſoul of man will be infinitely more perfect hereafter in this faculty, as well as in all the reſt; inſomuch that, perhaps, the imagination will be able to keep pace with the underſtanding, and to form in itſelf diſtinct ideas of all the different modes and quantities of ſpace. Q

Thurſday,

N° 421 Thurſday, July 3.

Ignotis errare locis, ignota videre
Flumina gaudebat; ſtudio minuente laborem.
Ovid. Met. l. 4. v. 294.

He ſought freſh ountains in a foreign ſoil:
The pleaſure leſſen'd the attending toil.
ADDISON.

THE pleaſures of the imagination are not wholly confined to ſuch particular authors as are converſant in material objects, but are often to be met with among the polite maſters of morality, criticiſm, and other ſpeculations abſtracted from matter, who, though they do not directly treat of the viſible parts of nature, often draw from them their ſimilitudes, metaphors, and allegories. By theſe alluſions a truth in the underſtanding is as it were reflected by the imagination; we are able to ſee ſomething like colour and ſhape in a notion, and to diſcover a ſcheme of thoughts traced out upon matter. And here the mind receives a great deal of ſatisfaction, and has two of its faculties gratified at the ſame time, while the fancy is buſy in copying after the underſtanding, and tranſcribing ideas out of the intellectual world into the material.

The great art of a writer ſhews itſelf in the choice of pleaſing alluſions, which are generally to be taken from the great or beautiful works of art or nature; for though whatever is new or uncommon is apt to delight the imagination, the chief deſign of an alluſion being to illuſtrate and explain the paſſages of an author, it ſhould be always borrowed from what is more known and common, than the paſſages which are to be explained.

Allegories, when well choſen, are like ſo many tracks of light in a diſcourſe, that make every thing about them clear and beautiful. A noble metaphor, when it is placed to an advantage, caſts a kind of glory round it, and darts a luſtre through a whole ſentence. Theſe different kinds of alluſion are but ſo many differ-

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rent manners of ſimilitude, and, that they may pleaſe the imagination, the likeneſs ought to be very exact, or very agreeable, as we love to ſee a picture where the reſemblance is juſt, or the poſture and air graceful. But we often find eminent writers very faulty in this reſpect; great ſcholars are apt to fetch their compariſons and alluſions from the ſciences in which they are moſt converſant, ſo that a man may ſee the compaſs of their learning in a treatiſe on the moſt indifferent ſubject. I have read a diſcourſe upon love, which none but a profound chymiſt could underſtand, and have heard many a ſermon that ſhould only have been preached before a congregation of Carteſians. On the contrary, your men of buſineſs uſually have recourſe to ſuch inſtances as are too mean and familiar. They are for drawing the reader into a game of cheſs or tennis, or for leading him from ſhop to ſhop, in the cant of particular trades and employments. It is certain, there may be found an infinite variety of very agreeable alluſions in both theſe kinds, but, for the generality, the moſt entertaining ones lie in the works of nature, which are obvious to all capacities, and more delightful than what is to be found in arts and ſciences.

It is this talent of affecting the imagination, that gives an embelliſhment to good ſenſe, and makes one man's compoſitions more agreeable than an other's. It ſets off all writings in general, but is the very life and higheſt perfection of poetry: where it ſhines in an eminent degree, it has preſerved ſeveral poems for many ages, that have nothing elſe to recommend them; and where all the other beauties are preſent, the work appears dry and inſipid, if this ſingle one be wanting. It has ſomething in it like creation: it beſtows a kind of exiſtence, and draws up to the reader's view ſeveral objects which are not to be found in being. It makes additions to nature, and gives greater variety to God's works. In a word, it is able to beautify and adorn the moſt illuſtrious ſcenes in the univerſe, or to fill the mind with more glorious ſhows and apparitions, than can be found in any part of it.

We have now diſcovered the ſeveral originals of thoſe pleaſures that gratify the fancy; and here, perhaps,

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it would not be very difficult to caſt under their proper heads thoſe contrary objects which are apt to fill it with diſtaſte and terror; for the imagination is as liable to pain as pleaſure. When the brain is hurt by any accident, or the mind diſordered by dreams or ſickneſs, the fancy is over-run with wild diſmal ideas, and terrified with a thouſand hideous monſters of its own framing.

Eumenidum veluti demens videt agmina Pentheus,
Et ſolem geminum, & duplices ſe oſtendere Thebas:
Aut Agamemnonius ſcenis agitatus Oreſtes.
Armatam facibus matrem & ſerpentibus atris
Cùm fugit, ultriceſque ſedent in limine diræ.
Virg. Æn. 4. v. 469.

Like Pentheus, when, diſtracted with his fear,
He ſaw two ſuns, and double Thebes appear:
Or mad Oreſtes, when his mother's ghoſt
Full in his face infernal torches toſt,
And ſhook her ſnaky locks: he ſhuns the ſight,
Flies o'er the ſtage, ſurpris'd with mortal fright;
The Furies guard the door and intercept his flight.
DRYDEN.

There is not a ſight in nature ſo mortifying as that of a diſtracted perſon, when his imagination is troubled, and his whole ſoul diſordered and confuſed. Babylon in ruins is not ſo melancholy a ſpectacle. But to quit ſo diſagreeable a ſubject, I ſhall only conſider by way of concluſion, what an infinite advantage this faculty gives an almighty Being over the ſoul of man, and how great a meaſure of happineſs or miſery we are capable of receiving from the imagination only.

We have already ſeen the influence that one man has over the fancy of another, and with what eaſe he conveys into it a variety of imagery; how great a power then may we ſuppoſe lodged in him, who knows all the ways of affecting the imagination, who can infuſe what ideas he pleaſes, and fill thoſe ideas with terror and delight to what degree he thinks fit? He can excite images in the mind without the help of words, and make ſcenes riſe up before us, and ſeem preſent to the eye without the aſſiſtance of bodies or exterior objects. He can tranſport the imagination

imagination with ſuch beautiful and glorious viſions, as cannot poſſibly enter into our preſent conceptions, or haunt it with ſuch ghaſtly ſpectres and apparitions, as would make us hope for annihilation, and think exiſtence no better than a curſe. In ſhort, he can ſo exquiſitely raviſh or torture the ſoul through this ſingle faculty, as might ſuffice to make the whole heaven or hell of any finite being.

This eſſay on the Pleaſures of the imagination having been publiſhed in ſeparate papers, I ſhall conclude it with a table of the principal contents of each paper.

THE CONTENTS.

PAPER I.

THE perfection of our ſight above our other ſenſes. The Pleaſures of the Imagination ariſe originally from ſight. The pleaſures of the imagination divided under two heads. The pleaſures of the imagination in ſome reſpects equal to thoſe of the underſtanding. The extent of the pleaſures of the imagination. The advantages a man receives from a reliſh of theſe pleaſures. In what reſpect they are preferable to thoſe of the underſtanding.

PAPER II.

Three ſources of all the pleaſures of the imagination, in our ſurvey of outward objects. How what is great pleaſes the imagination. How what is new pleaſes the imagination. How what is beautiful in our own ſpecies pleaſes the imagination. How what is beautiful in general pleaſes the imagination. What other accidental cauſes may contribute to the heightning of theſe pleaſures.

PAPER III.

Why the neceſſary cauſe of our being pleaſed with what is great, new, or beautiful, unknown. Why the final cauſe more known and more uſeful. The final cauſe of our being pleaſed with what is great. The final cauſe of our being pleaſed with what is new. The final cauſe of our being pleaſed with what is beautiful in our own ſpecies. The final cauſe of our being pleaſed with what is beautiful in general.

PAPER

PAPER IV.

The works of nature more pleaſant to the imagination than thoſe of art. The works of nature ſtill more pleaſant, the more they reſemble thoſe of art. The works of art more pleaſant, the more they reſemble thoſe of nature. Our Engliſh plantations and gardens conſidered in the foregoing light.

PAPER V.

Of architecture, as it affects the imagination. Greatneſs in architecture relates either to the bulk or to the manner. Greatneſs of bulk in the ancient oriental buildings. The ancients account of theſe buildings confirmed, 1. From the advantages for raiſing ſuch works, in the firſt ages of the world, and in the eaſtern climates: 2. From ſeveral of them which are ſtill extant. Inſtances how greatneſs of manner affects the imagination. A French author's obſervation on the ſubject. Why concave and convex figures give a greatneſs of manner to works of architecture. Every thing that pleaſes the imagination in architecture is either great, beautiful, or new.

PAPER VI.

The ſecondary pleaſures of the imagination. The ſeveral ſources of theſe pleaſures, (ſtatuary, painting, deſcription, and muſic) compared together. The final cauſe of our receiving pleaſure from theſe ſeveral ſources. Of deſcriptions in particular. The power of words over the imagination. Why one reader more pleaſed with deſcriptions than another.

PAPER VII.

How a whole ſet of ideas hang together, &c. A natural cauſe aſſigned for it. How to perfect the imagination of a writer. Who among the ancient poets had this faculty in its greateſt perfection. Homer excelled in imagining what is great; Virgil in imagining what is beautiful; Ovid in imagining what is new. Our own countryman Milton very perfect in all three reſpects.

PAPER VIII.

Why any thing that is unpleaſant to behold, pleaſes the imagination when well deſcribed. Why the imagination receives a more exquiſite pleaſure from the deſcription

ſcription of what is great, new, or beautiful. The pleaſure ſtill heightned, if what is deſcribed raiſes paſſion in the mind. Diſagreeable paſſions pleaſing when raiſed by apt deſcriptions. Why terror and grief are pleaſing to the mind when excited by deſcriptions. A particular advantage the writers in poetry and fiction have to pleaſe the imagination. What liberties are allowed them.

PAPER IX.

Of that kind of poetry which Mr. Dryden calls the "fairy way of writing." How a poet ſhould be qualified for it. The pleaſures of the imagination that ariſe from it. In this reſpect why the moderns excel the ancients. Why the Engliſh excel the moderns. Who the beſt among the Engliſh. Of emblematical perſons.

PAPER X.

What authors pleaſe the imagination. Who have nothing to do with fiction. How hiſtory pleaſes the imagination. How the authors of the new philoſophy pleaſe the imagination. The bounds and defects of the imagination. Whether theſe defects are eſſential to the imagination.

PAPER XI.

How thoſe pleaſe the imagination, who treat of ſubjects abſtract from matter, by alluſions taken from it. What alluſions moſt pleaſing to the imagination. Great writers how faulty in this reſpect. Of the art of imagining in general. The imagination capable of pain as well as pleaſure. In what degree the imagination is capable either of pain or pleaſure.

O

STEELE.

STERNE.

SERMON II.

ECCL. vii. 2, 3. *It is better to go to the houſe of mourning than to the houſe of feaſting.*——

THAT I deny—but let us hear the wiſe man's reaſoning upon it—*for that* is *the end of all men, and the living* will *lay it to* his *heart: ſorrow is better than laughter*—for a crack'd-brain'd order of Carthuſian monks, I grant, but not for men of the world: for what purpoſe, do you imagine, has God made us? for the ſocial ſweets of the well-watered vallies, where he has planted us, or for the dry and diſmal deſert of a Sierra Morena? are the ſad accidents of life, and the uncheery hours which perpetually overtake us, are they not enough, but we muſt ſally forth in queſt of them,—belye our own hearts, and ſay as your text would have us, that they are better than thoſe of joy? did the Beſt of Beings ſend us into the world for this end—to go weeping through it,—to vex and ſhorten, a life ſhort and vexatious enough already? do you think, my good preacher, that he who is infinitely happy, can envy us our enjoyments? or that a Being ſo infinitely kind would grudge a mournful traveller the ſhort reſt and refreſhments neceſſary to ſupport his ſpirits through the ſtages of a weary pilgrimage; or that he would call him to a ſevere reckoning, becauſe in his way, he had haſtily ſnatched at ſome little fugacious pleaſures, merely to ſweeten this uneaſy journey of life, and reconcile him to the ruggedneſs of the road, and the many hard juſtlings he is ſure to meet with? Conſider, I beſeech you, what proviſion and accommodation, the Author of our being has prepared for us, that we might not go on our way ſorrowing—how many caravanſeras of reſt—what powers and faculties he has given us for taking it—what apt objects he has placed in our way to entertain us;—ſome of which he has made ſo fair, ſo exquiſitely fitted for this end,

that they have power over us for a time to charm away the ſenſe of pain, to cheer up the dejected heart under poverty and ſickneſs, and make it go and remember its miſeries no more.

I will not contend at preſent againſt this rhetoric; I would chooſe rather for a moment to go on with the allegory, and ſay we are travellers, and in the moſt affecting ſenſe of that idea, that like travellers, though upon buſineſs of the laſt and neareſt concern to us, may ſurely be allowed to amuſe ourſelves with the natural or artificial beauties of the country we are paſſing through, without reproach of forgetting the main errand we are ſent upon; and if we can ſo order it, as not to be led out of the way, by the variety of proſpects, edifices, and ruins which ſolicit us, it would be a nonſenſical piece of ſaint-errantry to ſhut our eyes.

But let us not loſe ſight of the argument in purſuit of the ſimile.

Let us remember, various as our excurſions are—that we have ſtill ſet our faces towards Jeruſalem—that we have a place of reſt and happineſs, towards which we haſten, and that the way to get there is not ſo much to pleaſe our hearts, as to improve them in virtue;—that mirth and feaſting are uſually no friends to atchievements of this kind—but that a ſeaſon of affliction is in ſome ſort a ſeaſon of piety—not only becauſe our ſufferings are apt to put us in mind of our ſins, but that by the check and interruption which they give to our purſuits, they allow us what the hurry and buſtle of the world too often deny us,—and that is a little time for reflection, which is all that moſt of us want to make us wiſer and better men;—that at certain times it is ſo neceſſary a man's mind ſhould be turned towards itſelf, that rather than want occaſions, he had better purchaſe them at the expence of his preſent happineſs.—He had better, as the text expreſſes it, "go to the houſe of mourning," where he will meet with ſomething to ſubdue his paſſions, than to the houſe of feaſting, where the joy and gaiety of the place is likely to excite them: that whereas the entertainments and careſſes of the one place expoſe his heart and lay it open to temptations—the ſorrows of the other defend it, and as naturally ſhut them from it.

So

So ſtrange and unaccountable a creature is man! he is ſo framed, that he cannot but purſue happineſs—and yet unleſs he is made ſometimes miſerable, how apt is he to miſtake the way which can only lead him to the accompliſhment of his own wiſhes.

This is the full force of the wiſe man's declaration.—But to do farther juſtice to his words, I will endeavour to bring the ſubject ſtill nearer.—For which purpoſe, it will be neceſſary to ſtop here, and take a tranſient view of the two places here referred to,—the houſe of mourning, and the houſe of feaſting. Give me leave therefore, I beſeech you, to recall both of them for a moment, to your imaginations, that from thence I may appeal to your hearts, how faithfully, and upon what good grounds, the effects and natural operations of each upon our minds are intimated in the text.

And firſt, let us look into the houſe of feaſting.

And here to be as fair and candid as poſſible in the deſcription of this, we will not take it from the worſt originals, ſuch as are opened merely for the ſale of virtue, and ſo calculated for the end, that the diſguiſe each is under not only gives power ſafely to drive on the bargain, but ſafely to carry it into exeeution too.

This we will not ſuppoſe to be the caſe—nor let us even imagine the houſe of feaſting to be ſuch a ſcene of intemperance and exceſs, as the houſe of feaſting does often exhibit—but let us take it from one, as little exceptionable as we can—where there is, or at leaſt appears, nothing really criminal—but where every thing ſeems to be kept within the viſible bounds of moderation and ſobriety.

Imagine then ſuch a houſe of feaſting, where, either by conſent or invitation a number of each ſex is drawn together, for no other purpoſe but the enjoyment and mutual entertainment of each other, which we will ſuppoſe ſhall ariſe from no other pleaſures but what cuſtom authoriſes, and religion does not abſolutely forbid.

Before we enter——let us examine, what muſt be the ſentiments of each individual previous to his arrival, and we ſhall find, that however they may differ from one another in tempers and opinions, that every one ſeems to agree in this—that as he is going to a houſe

dedicated to joy and mirth, it was fit he ſhould diveſt himſelf of whatever was likely to contradict that intention, or be inconſiſtent with it.—That for this purpoſe, he had left his cares—his ſerious thoughts—and his moral reflections behind him; and was come forth from home with only ſuch diſpoſitions and gaiety of heart as ſuited the occaſion, and promoted the intended mirth and jollity of the place. With this preparation of mind, which is as little as can be ſuppoſed, ſince it will amount to no more than a deſire in each to render himſelf an acceptable gueſt,—let us conceive them entering into the houſe of feaſting, with hearts ſet looſe from grave reſtraints, and open to the expectations of receiving pleaſure. It is not neceſſary, as I premiſed, to bring intemperance into this ſcene—or to ſuppoſe ſuch an exceſs in the gratification of the appetites as ſhall ferment the blood and ſet the deſires in a flame:—Let us admit no more of it therefore, than will gently ſtir them, and fit them for the impreſſions which ſo benevolent a commerce will naturally excite. In this diſpoſition, thus wrought upon beforehand and already improved to this purpoſe,—take notice how mechanically the thoughts and ſpirits riſe—how ſoon, and inſenſibly they are got above the pitch and firſt bounds which cooler hours would have marked.

When the gay and ſmiling aſpect of things has begun to leave the paſſages to a man's heart thus thoughtleſsly unguarded—when kind and careſſing looks of every object without, that can flatter his ſenſes, have conſpired with the enemy within, to betray him, and put him off his defence,—when muſic likewiſe hath lent her aid, and tried her power upon the paſſions,—when the voice of ſinging men, and the voice of ſinging women, with the ſound of the viol and the lute, have broke in upon his ſoul, and in ſome tender notes have touched the ſecret ſprings of rapture,—that moment let us diſſect and look into his heart,—ſee how vain! how weak! how empty a thing it is! Look through its ſeveral receſſes,—thoſe pure manſions formed for the reception of innocence and virtue—ſad ſpectacle! Behold thoſe fair inhabitants now diſpoſſeſſed—turned out of their ſacred dwellings, to make room—for what?—at the beſt for

levity

levity and indiſcretion—perhaps for folly—it may be for more impure gueſts, which poſſibly in ſo general a riot of the mind and ſenſes, may take occaſion to enter unſuſpected at the ſame time.

In a ſcene and diſpoſition, thus deſcribed—can the moſt cautious ſay—thus far ſhall my deſires go—and no farther? or will the cooleſt and moſt circumſpect ſay, when pleaſure has taken full poſſeſſion of his heart, that no thought nor purpoſe ſhall ariſe there, which he would have concealed?—In thoſe looſe and unguarded moments the imagination is not always at command—in ſpite of reaſon and reflection, it will forcibly carry him ſometimes whither he would not—like the unclean ſpirit, in the parent's ſad deſcription of his child's caſe, which took him, and oft-times caſt him into the fire to deſtroy him, and whereſoever it taketh him it teareth him, and hardly departeth from him.

But this, you'll ſay, is the worſt account of what the mind may ſuffer here.

Why may we not make more favourable ſuppoſitions?—that numbers by exerciſe and cuſtom to ſuch encounters, learn gradually to deſpiſe and triumph over them;—that the minds of many are not ſo ſuſceptible of warm impreſſions, or ſo badly fortified againſt them, that pleaſure ſhould eaſily corrupt or ſoften them;—that it would be hard to ſuppoſe, of the great multitudes which daily throng and preſs into this houſe of feaſting, but that numbers come out of it again, with all the innocence with which they entered;—and that if both ſexes are included in the computation, what fair examples ſhall we ſee of many of ſo pure and chaſte a turn of mind—that the houſe of feaſting, with all its charms and temptations, was never able to excite a thought or awaken an inclination which virtue need to bluſh at—or which the moſt ſcrupulous conſcience might not ſupport. God forbid we ſhould ſay otherwiſe:—no doubt, numbers of all ages eſcape unhurt, and get off this dangerous ſea without ſhipwreck. Yet are they not to be reckoned amongſt the more fortunate adventurers;—and though one would not abſolutely prohibit the attempt, or be ſo cynical as to condemn every one who tries it, ſince there are ſo many, I ſuppoſe, who cannot well do otherwiſe,

and whoſe condition and ſituation in life unavoidably force them upon it—yet we may be allowed to deſcribe this fair and flattering coaſt—we may point out the unſuſpected dangers of it, and warn the unwary paſſenger, where they lie. We may ſhew him what hazards his youth and inexperience will run, how little he can gain by the venture, and how much wiſer and better it would be (as is implied in the text) to ſeek occaſions rather to improve his little ſtock of virtue than incautiouſly expoſe it to ſo unequal a chance, where the beſt he can hope is to return ſafe with what treaſure he carried out—but where probably, he may be ſo unfortunate as to loſe it all—be loſt himſelf, and undone for ever.

Thus much for the houſe of feaſting; which by the way, though generally open at other times of the year throughout the world, is ſuppoſed in chriſtian countries, now every where to be univerſally ſhut up. And, in truth, I have been more full in my cautions againſt it, not only as reaſon requires,—but in reverence to this ſeaſon †, wherein our church exacts a more particular forbearance and ſelf-denial in this point, and thereby adds to the reſtraints upon pleaſure and entertainments which this repreſentation of things has ſuggeſted againſt them already,

Here then, let us turn aſide from this gay ſcene; and ſuffer me to take you with me for a moment to one much fitter for your meditation. Let us go into the houſe of mourning, made ſo by ſuch afflictions as have been brought in, merely by the common croſs accidents and diſaſters to which our condition is expoſed,—where, perhaps the aged parents ſit broken-hearted, pierced to their ſouls with the folly and indiſcretion of a thankleſs child—the child of their prayers, in whom all their hopes and expectations centered:—perhaps a more affecting ſcene—a virtuous family lying pinched with want, where the unfortunate ſupport of it, having long ſtruggled with a train of misfortunes, and bravely fought up againſt them—is now piteouſly borne down at the laſt—overwhelmed with a cruel blow which no forecaſt or frugality could have prevented.—O God! look upon

† Preached in Lent.

his

his afflictions—Behold him diſtracted with many ſorrows, ſurrounded with the tender pledges of his love, and the partner of his cares—without bread to give them, unable, from the remembrance of better days, to dig;—to beg, aſhamed.

When we enter into the houſe of mourning ſuch as this—it is impoſſible to inſult the unfortunate even with an improper look—Under whatever levity and diſſipation of heart, ſuch objects catch our eyes,—they catch likewiſe our attentions, collect and call home our ſcattered thoughts, and exerciſe them with wiſdom. A tranſient ſcene of diſtreſs, ſuch as is here ſketched, how ſoon does it furniſh materials to ſet the mind at work? how neceſſarily does it engage it to the conſideration of the miſeries and misfortunes, the dangers and calamities to which the life of man is ſubject? By holding up ſuch a glaſs before it, it forces the mind to ſee and reflect upon the vanity,—the periſhing condition and uncertain tenure of every thing in this world. From reflections of this ſerious caſt, how inſenſibly do the thoughts carry us farther? and from conſidering, what we are—what kind of world we live in, and what evils befall us in it, how naturally do they ſet us to look forwards at what poſſibly we ſhall be?—for what kind of world we are intended—what evils may befall us there—and what proviſion we ſhould make againſt them here, whilſt we have time and opportunity.

If theſe leſſons are ſo inſeparable from the houſe of mourning here ſuppoſed—we ſhall find it a ſtill more inſtructive ſchool of wiſdom when we take a view of the place in that more affecting light in which the wiſe man ſeems to confine it in the text, in which, by the houſe of mourning, I believe he means that particular ſcene of ſorrow where there is lamentation and mourning for the dead.

Turn in hither I beſeech you, for a moment. Behold a dead man ready to be carried out, the only ſon of his mother, and ſhe a widow. Perhaps a more affecting ſpectacle—a kind and indulgent father of a numerous family, lies breathleſs ——ſnatched away in the ſtrength of his age——torn in an evil hour from his children and the boſom of a diſconſolate wife.

Behold

Behold much people of the city gathered together to mix their tears, with ſettled ſorrow in their looks, going heavily along to the houſe of mourning, to perform that laſt melancholy office, which when the debt of nature is payed, we are called upon to pay each other.

If this ſad occaſion which leads him there, has not done it already, take notice to what a ſerious and devout frame of mind every man is reduced, the moment he enters this gate of affliction. The buſy and fluttering ſpirits, which in the houſe of mirth were wont to tranſport him from one diverting object to another—ſee how they are fallen! how peaceably they are laid! in this gloomy manſion full of ſhades and uncomfortable damps to ſeize the ſoul—ſee, the light and eaſy heart, which never knew what it was to think before, how penſive it is now, how ſoft, how ſuſceptible, how full of religious impreſſions, how deeply it is ſmitten with ſenſe and with a love of virtue. Could we in this criſis, whilſt this empire of reaſon and religion laſts, and the heart is thus exerciſed with wiſdom and buſied with heavenly contemplations—could we ſee it naked as it is—ſtripped of its paſſions, unſpotted by the world, and regardleſs of its pleaſures—we might then ſafely reſt our cauſe, upon this ſingle evidence, and appeal to the moſt ſenſual, whether Solomon has not made a juſt determination here, in favour of the houſe of mourning?— not for its own ſake, but as it is fruitful in virtue, and becomes the occaſion of ſo much good. Without this end, ſorrow I own has no uſe but to ſhorten a man's days—nor can gravity, with all its ſtudied ſolemnity of look and carriage, ſerve any end but to make one half of the world merry, and impoſe upon the other.

Conſider what has been ſaid, and may God of his mercy bleſs you! Amen.

MILTON.

MILTON.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

Invocation——Deſcription of the fall of Satan, and of Hell.

OF Man's firſt diſobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whoſe mortal taſte
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loſs of Eden, till one greater Man
Reſtore us, and regain the bliſsful ſeat,
Sing heav'nly Muſe, that on the ſecret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didſt inſpire
That ſhepherd, who firſt taught the choſen ſeed,
In the beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth
Roſe out of Chaos: or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Faſt by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventrous ſong,
That with no middle flight intends to ſoar
Above th' Aonian mount, while it purſues
Things unattempted yet in proſe or rhime.
And chiefly Thou, O Spi'rit, that doſt prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Inſtruct me, for Thou know'ſt: Thou from the firſt
Waſt preſent, and with mighty wings outſpread
Dove-like ſat'ſt brooding on the vaſt abyſs,
And mad'ſt it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumin, what is low raiſe and ſupport;
That to the heighth of this great argument
I may aſſert eternal Providence,
And juſtify the ways of God to Men.
Say firſt, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell, ſay firſt what cauſe
Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy ſtate,

Favor'd

Favor'd of Heav'n ſo highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and tranſgreſs his will
For one reſtraint, lords of the world beſides?
Who firſt ſeduc'd them to that foul revolt?
Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whoſe guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had caſt him out from Heav'n, with all his hoſt
Of rebel angels, by whoſe aid aſpiring
To ſet himſelf in glory' above his peers,
He truſted to have equal'd the Moſt High,
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
Againſt the throne and monarchy of God
Rais'd impious war in Heav'n and battel proud
With vain attempt. Him the almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th'etherial ſky,
With hideous ruin and combuſtion, down
To bottomleſs perdition, there to dwell
In adamantin chains and penal fire,
Who durſt defy th' Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the ſpace that meaſures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquiſh'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded though immortal: but his doom
Reſerv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of loſt happineſs and laſting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witneſs'd huge affliction and diſmay
Mix'd with obdurate pride and ſtedfaſt hate:
At once, as far as Angels ken, he views
The diſmal ſituation waſte and wild;
A dungeon horrible on all ſides round
As one great furnace flam'd, yet from thoſe flames
No light, but rather darkneſs viſible
Serv'd only to diſcover ſights of woe,
Regions of ſorrow, doleful ſhades, where peace
And reſt can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning ſulphur unconſum'd:
Such place eternal Juſtice had prepar'd
For thoſe rebellious, here their pris'on ordain'd

In

In utter darkneſs, and their portion ſet
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n,
As from the center thrice to th' utmoſt pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
With floods and whirlwinds of tempeſtuous fire,
He ſoon diſcerns, and welt'ring by his ſide
One next himſelf in pow'r, and next in crime,
Long after known in Paleſtine, and nam'd
Beëlzebub. To whom th'Arch-Enemy,
And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid ſilence thus began.

Deſcription of Satan's ſtature, and preparation to addreſs his fallen legions.

THUS Satan talking to his neareſt mate
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That ſparkling blaz'd, his other parts beſides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floting many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monſtrous ſize,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarſus held, or that ſea-beaſt
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugeſt that ſwim the ocean ſtream:
Him haply ſlumb'ring on the Norway foam
The pilot of ſome ſmall night-founder'd ſkiff
Deeming ſome iſland, oft, as ſea-men tell,
With fixed anchor in his ſkaly rind
Moors by his ſide under the lee, while night
Inveſts the ſea, and wiſhed morn delays:
So ſtretch'd out huge in length, the Arch-Fiend lay
Chain'd on the burning lake, nor ever thence
Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
And high permiſſion of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark deſigns,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himſelf damnation, while he ſought
Evil to others, and enrag'd might ſee
How all his malice ſerv'd but to bring forth

Infinite

Infinite goodneſs, grace and mercy ſhown
On Man by him ſeduc'd, but on himſelf
Treble confuſion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty ſtature; on each hand the flames
Driv'n backward ſlope their pointing ſpires, and roll'd
In billows, leave i'th' midſt a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he ſteers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the duſky air
That felt unuſual weight, till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
With ſolid, as the lake with liquid fire;
And ſuch appear'd in hue, as when the force
Of ſubterranean wind tranſports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the ſhatter'd ſide
Of thund'ring Ætna, whoſe combuſtible
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds.
And leave a ſinged bottom all involv'd
With ſtench and ſmoke: ſuch reſting found the ſole
Of unbleſt feet. Him follow'd his next mate,
Both glorying to have 'ſcap'd the Stygian flood
As Gods and by their own recover'd ſtrength,
Not by the ſufferance of ſupernal Power.

Deſcription of the ſhield and ſpear of Satan.

HE ſcarce had ceas'd when the ſuperior Fiend
Was moving tow'ard the ſhore; his pond'rous ſhield,
Ethereal temper, maſſy, large and round,
Behind him caſt; the broad circumference
Hung on his ſhoulders like the moon, whoſe orb
Through optic glaſs the Tuſcan artiſt views
At evening from the top of Feſolé,
Or in Valdarno, to deſcry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her ſpotty globe.
His ſpear, to equal which the talleſt pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the maſt
Of ſome great ammiral, were but a wand,
He wal'kd with to ſupport uneaſy ſteps
Over the burning marle.

Satan's

Satan's approach to Eden, and his addreſs to the Sun.

O for that warning voice, which he who ſaw
Th' Apocalyps heard cry in Heav'n aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to ſecond rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
"Woe to th' inhabitants on earth!" that now,
While time was, our firſt parents had been warn'd
The coming of their ſecret foe, and ſcap'd,
Haply ſo ſcap'd his mortal ſnare: for now
Satan, now firſt inflam'd with rage, came down,
The tempter ere th' accuſer of mankind,
To wreck on innocent frail man his loſs
Of that firſt battel, and his flight to Hell:
Yet not rejoicing in his ſpeed, though bold
Far off and fearleſs, nor with cauſe to boaſt,
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth
Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breaſt,
And like a deviliſh engin back recoils
Upon himſelf; horror and doubt diſtract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom ſtir
The Hell within him; for within him Hell
He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell
One ſtep no more than from himſelf can fly
By change of place: now conſcience wakes deſpair
That ſlumber'd, wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what muſt be
Worſe; of worſe deeds worſe ſufferings muſt enſue.
Sometimes tow'ards Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleaſant, his griev'd look he fixes ſad;
Sometimes tow'ards Heav'n and the full-blazing ſun,
Which now ſat high in his meridian tower:
Then much revolving, thus in ſighs began.

O thou that with ſurpaſſing glory crown'd,
Look'ſt from thy ſole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whoſe ſight all the ſtars
Hide their diminiſh'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what ſtate
I fell, how glorious once above thy ſphere;

Till pride and worſe ambition threw me down
Warring in Heav'n againſt Heav'n's matchleſs king:
Ah wherefore! he deſerv'd no ſuch return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his ſervice hard.
What could be leſs than to afford him praiſe,
The eaſieſt recompence, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up ſo high
I ſdeind ſubjection, and thought one ſtep higher
Would ſet me higheſt, and in a moment quit
The debt immenſe of endleſs gratitude,
So burdenſome ſtill paying, ſtill to owe,
Forgetful what from him I ſtill receiv'd,
And underſtood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but ſtill pays, at once
Indebted and diſcharg'd; what burden then?
O had his pow'rful deſtiny ordain'd
Me ſome inferior Angel, I had ſtood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not? ſome other Power
As great might have aſpir'd, and me though mean
Drawn to his part; but other Pow'rs as great
Fell not, but ſtand unſhaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Had'ſt thou the ſame free will and pow'r to ſtand?
Thou had'ſt: whom haſt thou then or what to'accuſe.
But Heav'n's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurs'd, ſince love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay curs'd be thou; ſince againſt his thy will
Choſe freely what it now ſo juſtly rues.
Me miſerable! which way ſhall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite deſpair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myſelf am Hell;
And in the loweſt deep a lower deep
Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,
To which the Hell I ſuffer ſeems a Heaven.
O then at laſt relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by ſubmiſſion; and that word

Diſdain

Diſdain forbids me, and my dread of ſhame
Among the Spi'rits beneath, whom I ſeduc'd
With other promiſes and other vaunts
Than to ſubmit, boaſting I could ſubdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boaſt ſo vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of Hell.
With diadem and ſcepter high advanc'd,
The lower ſtill I fall, only ſupreme
In miſery; ſuch joy ambition finds.
But ſay I could repent and could obtain
By act of grace my former ſtate; how ſoon
Would highth recall high thoughts, how ſoon unay
What feign'd ſubmiſſion ſwore? eaſe would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilement grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd ſo deep:
Which would but lead me to a worſe relapſe
And heavier fall: ſo ſhould I purchaſe dear
Short intermiſſion bought with double ſmart.
This knows my puniſher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold, in ſtead
Of us out-caſt, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewel hope, and with hope farewel fear,
Farewel remorſe: all good to me is loſt;
Evil be thou my good; by thee at leaſt
Divided empire with Heav'n's king I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As Man ere long, and this new world ſhall know.

Deſcription of Paradiſe.

Bliſsful Paradiſe
Of God the garden was, by him in th' eaſt
Of Eden planted; Eden ſtretch'd her line
From Auran eaſtward to the royal towers
Of great Selucia, built by Grecian kings,
Or where the ſons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telaſſar: in this pleaſant ſoil

His far more pleaſant garden God ordain'd;
Out of the fertil ground he caus'd to grow
All trees of nobleſt kind for ſight, ſmell, taſte;
And all amid them ſtood the tree of life,
High eminent, blooming ambroſial fruit
Of vegetable gold; and next to life,
Our death the tree of knowledge grew faſt by,
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor chang'd his courſe, but through the ſhaggy hill
Paſs'd underneath ingulf'd; for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden mold high rais'd
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirſt updrawn,
Roſe a freſh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden; thence united fell
Down the ſteep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darkſome paſſage now appears,
And now divided into four main ſtreams,
Runs diverſe, wand'ring many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
How from that ſaphir fount the criſped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and ſands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent ſhades
Ran nectar, viſiting each plant, and fed
Flow'rs, worthy' of Paradiſe, which not nice Art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Pour'd forth profuſe on hill and dale and plain,
Both where the morning ſun firſt warmly ſmote
The open field, and where the unpierc'd ſhade
Imbrown'd the noontide bow'rs: Thus was this place
A happy rural ſeat of various view;
Groves whoſe rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
Others whoſe fruit burniſh'd with golden rind
Hung amiable, Heſperian fables true,
If true, here only', and of delicious taſte:
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
Or palmy hilloc; or the flow'ry lap
Of ſome irriguous valley ſpread her ſtore,
Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the roſe:

Another

Another ſide, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool receſs, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; mean while murm'ring waters fall
Down the ſlope hills, diſpers'd, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her chryſtal mirror holds, unite their ſtreams.
The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the ſmell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while univerſal Pan
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance
Led on th' eternal ſpring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proſérpin gathering flowers
Herſelf a fairer flow'r by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd, which coſt Ceres all that pain
To ſeek her through the world; nor that ſweet grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inſpir'd
Caſtalian ſpring, might with this Paradiſe
Of Eden ſtrive; nor that Nyſeian ile
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Lybian Jove,
Hid Amalthea and her florid ſon
Young Bacchus from his ſtepdame Rhea's eye;
Nor where Abaſſin kings their iſſue guard,
Mount Amara, though this by ſome ſuppos'd
True Paradiſe under the Ethiop line
By Nilus head, inclos'd with ſhining rock,
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
From this Aſſyrian garden, where the Fiend
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
Of living creatures new to ſight and ſtrange.

Deſcription of Evening.

NOW came ſtill evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her ſober livery all things clad:
Silence accompanied; for beaſt and bird,
They to their graſſy couch, theſe to their neſts
Were ſlunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous deſcant ſung;
Silence was pleas'd; now glow'd the firmament
With living ſaphirs: Heſperus, that led

The ſtarry hoſt, rode brighteſt, till the moon
Riſing in clouded majeſty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerleſs light,
And o'er the dark her ſilver mantle threw.

Adam's proſpect of the future miſeries of his poſterity.

Immediately a place
Before his eyes appear'd, ſad, noiſome, dark,
A lazar houſe it ſeem'd, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diſeas'd, all maladies
Of ghaſtly ſpaſm, or racking torture, qualms
Of heart-ſick agony, all feverous kinds,
Convulſions, epilepſies, fierce catarrhs,
Inteſtin ſtone and ulcer, cholic pangs,
Demoniac phrenzy, moaping melancholy,
And moon-ſtruck madneſs, pining atrophy,
Meraſmus, and wide-waſting peſtilence,
Dropſies, and aſthma's, and joint-racking rheums.
Dire was the toſſing, deep the groans; Deſpair
Tended the ſick buſieſt from couch to couch;
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to ſtrike, though oft invok'd
With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.
Sight ſo deform what heart of rock could long
Dry-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept,
Though not of woman born; compaſſion quell'd
His beſt of man, and gave him up to tears
A ſpace, till firmer thoughts reſtrain'd exceſs;
And ſcarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.

AKENSIDE.

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

This Author is remarkable for his elevation of thought, his dignity of expreſſion, and harmony of numbers; his picture of man is grand and beautiful, but unfiniſhed. The immortality of the ſoul, which is the natural conſequence of the appetites and powers ſhe is inveſted with, is ſcarcely once hinted throughout the poem: this deficiency is amply ſupplied by the maſterly pencil of Dr. Young; who, like a good philoſopher, has invincibly proved the immortality of man, from the grandeur of his conceptions, and the meanneſs and miſery of his ſtate; for this reaſon, a few paſſages are ſelected from the Night Thoughts, which, with thoſe from Akenſide, ſeem to form a complete view of the powers, ſituation, and end of man.

Invocation to the powers of imagination.

WITH what attractive charms this goodly frame
Of nature touches the conſenting hearts
Of mortal men; and what the pleaſing ſtores
Which beauteous imitation thence derives
To deck the poet's, or the painter's toil;
My verſe unfolds. Attend, ye gentle pow'rs
Of muſical delight! and while I ſing
Your gifts, your honours, dance around my ſtrain.
Thou ſmiling queen of every tuneful breaſt,
Indulgent Fancy; from the fruitful banks
Of Avon, whence thy roſy fingers cull
Freſh flow'rs and dews to ſprinkle on the turf
Where Shakeſpeare lies, be preſent: and with thee
Let Fiction come, upon her vagrant wings
Wafting ten thouſand colours through the air,
And, by the glances of her magic eye,

Combining

Combining each in endleſs, fairy forms,
Her wild creation. Goddeſs of the lyre
Which rules the accents of the moving ſphere,
Wilt thou, eternal Harmony! deſcend,
And join this feſtive train? for with thee comes
The guide, the guardian of their lovely ſports,
Majeſtic Truth; and where Truth deigns to come,
Her ſiſter Liberty will not be far.
Be preſent all ye Genii who conduct
The wand'ring footſteps of the youthful bard,
New to your ſprings and ſhades: who touch his ear
With finer ſounds; who heighten to his eye
The bloom of nature, and before him turn
The gayeſt, happieſt attitudes of things.

Diverſity of genius in different men.

BUT not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great ſcene unveil'd. For ſince the claims
Of ſocial life, to diff'rent labours urge
The active pow'rs of man; with wiſe intent
The hand of Nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a diff'rent byaſs, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil.
To ſome ſhe taught the fabric of the ſphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the ſtars,
The golden zones of heav'n: to ſome ſhe gave
To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time, and ſpace, and fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick impulſe: others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue ſwells the tender veins
Of herbs and flowr's; or what the beams of morn
Draw forth, diſtilling from the clifted rind
In balmy tears. But ſome, to higher hopes
Were deſtin'd; ſome within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To theſe the Sire omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read
The tranſcript of himſelf. On ev'ry part
They trace the bright impreſſions of his hand:
In earth, or air, the meadows purple ſtores,

The

The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
Blooming with roſy ſmiles, they ſee pourtray'd
That uncreated beauty, which delights
The mind ſupreme. They alſo feel her charms;
Enamor'd, they partake th' eternal joy.

Primary pleaſures of imagination.

KNOW then, whate'er of nature's pregnant ſtores,
Whate'er of mimic Art's reflected forms
With love and admiration thus inflame
The pow'rs of Fancy, her delighted ſons
To three illuſtrious orders have referr'd;
Three ſiſter-graces, whom the painter's hand,
The poet's tongue confeſſes; the ſublime,
The wonderful, the fair. I ſee them dawn!
I ſee the radiant viſions, where they riſe,
More lovely than when Lucifer diſplays
His beaming forehead thro' the gates of morn
To lead the train of Phœbus and the ſpring.
Say, why was man ſo eminently rais'd
Amid the vaſt creation; why ordain'd
Thro' life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that th' Omnipotent might ſend him forth
In ſight of mortal and immortal pow'rs,
As on a boundleſs theatre, to run
The great career of juſtice; to exalt
His gen'rous aim to all diviner deeds;
To ſhake each partial purpoſe from his breaſt;
And thro' the miſts of paſſion and of ſenſe,
And thro' the toſſing tide of chance and pain
To hold his courſe unfault'ring, while the voice
Of truth and virtue, up the ſteep aſcent
Of nature, calls him to his high reward,
Th' applauding ſmile of heav'n? Elſe wherefore burns,
In mortal boſoms, this unquenched hope
That breathes from day to day ſublimer things,
And mocks poſſeſſion? wherefore darts the mind,
With ſuch reſiſtleſs ardour to imbrace
Majeſtic forms? impatient to be free,
Spurning the groſs controul of wilful might;

Proud

Proud of the ſtrong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
To heav'n's broad fire his unconſtrained view,
Than to the glimm'ring of a waxen flame?
Who that from Alpine heights his lab'ring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon to ſurvey
The Nile or Ganges rowl his waſteful tide
Thro' mountains, plains, thro' empires black with ſhade,
And continents of ſand; will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a ſcanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born ſoul
Diſdains to reſt her heav'n-aſpiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth
And this diurnal ſcene, ſhe ſprings aloft
Thro' fields of air; purſues the flying ſtorm;
Rides on the volley'd lightning thro' the heav'ns;
Or yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blaſt,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high ſhe ſoars
The blue profound, and hovering o'er the ſun
Beholds him pouring the redundant ſtream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting ſway
Bend the reluctant planets to abſolve
The fated rounds of time. Thence far effus'd
She darts her ſwiftneſs up the long career
Of devious comets; thro' its burning ſigns
Exulting circles the perennial wheel
Of nature, and looks back on all the ſtars,
Whoſe blended light as with a milky zone,
Inveſts the orient. Now amaz'd ſhe views
Th' empyreal waſte, where happy ſpirits hold,
Beyond this concave, heav'n their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whoſe unfading light
Has travell'd the profound ſix thouſand years,
Nor yet arrives in ſight of mortal things.
Ev'n on the barriers of the world untir'd
She meditates th' eternal depth below;
Till, half-recoiling, down the headlong ſteep
She plunges; ſoon o'erwhelm'd and ſwallow'd up
In that immenſe of being. There her hopes
Reſt at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the ſov'reign maker ſaid,
That not in humble or in brief delight,

Not

Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Pow'r's purple robes, or Pleaſure's flow'ry lap,
The ſoul ſhould find enjoyment: but from theſe
Turning diſdainful to an equal good,
Thro' all th' aſcent of things inlarge her view,
Till every bound at length ſhould diſappear,
And infinite perfection cloſe the ſcene.
Call now to mind what high, capacious pow'rs
Lie folded up in man; how far beyond
The praiſe of mortals, may the eternal growth
Of nature to perfection half divine,
Expand the blooming ſoul? What pity then
Should ſloth's unkindly fogs depreſs to earth
Her tender bloſſom; choak the ſtreams of life,
And blaſt her ſpring! Far otherwiſe deſign'd
Almighty wiſdom; nature's happy cares
Th' obedient heart far otherwiſe incline.
Witneſs the ſprightly joy when aught unknown
Strikes the quick ſenſe, and wakes each active pow'r
To briſker meaſures: witneſs the neglect
Of all familiar proſpects, tho' beheld
With tranſport once; the fond, attentive gaze
Of young aſtoniſhment; the ſober zeal
Of age, commenting on prodigious things.
For ſuch the bounteous providence of heav'n
In every breaſt implanting this deſire
Of objects new and ſtrange, to urge us on
With unremitted labour to purſue
Thoſe ſacred ſtores that wait the rip'ning ſoul,
In Truth's exhauſtleſs boſom. What need words
To paint its pow'r? for this the daring youth
Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,
In foreign climes to rove: the penſive ſage,
Heedleſs of ſleep or midnight's harmful damp,
Hangs o'er the ſickly taper; and untir'd
The virgin follows, with inchanted ſtep,
The mazes of ſome wild and wond'rous tale,
From morn to eve; unmindful of her form,
Unmindful of the happy dreſs that ſtole
The wiſhes of the youth, when every maid
With envy pin'd. Hence finally, by night
The village matron, round the blazing hearth,

Su ſpends

Suſpends the infant-audience with her tales,
Breathing aſtoniſhment! of witching rhymes,
And evil ſpirits; of the death-bed call
To him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
The orphan's portion; of unquiet ſouls
Ris'n from the grave to eaſe the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life conceal'd; of ſhapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
The torch of hell around the murd'rer's bed.
At ev'ry ſolemn pauſe the crowd recoil
Gazing each other ſpeechleſs, and congeal'd
With ſhiv'ring ſighs; till eager for th' event,
Around the beldame all erect they hang,
Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd.
But lo! diſclos'd in all her ſmiling pomp,
Where Beauty onward moving claims the verſe
Her charms inſpire: the freely-flowing verſe
In thy immortal praiſe, O form divine,
Smooths her mellifluent ſtream. Thee, Beauty, thee,
The regal dome, and thy enlivening ray
The moſſy roofs adore: thou, better ſun!
For ever beameſt on th' enchanted heart
Love, and harmonious wonder, and delight
Poetic.

Superiority of moral excellence.

THUS with a faithful aim have we preſum'd,
Advent'rous, to delineate nature's form;
Whether in vaſt, majeſtic pomp array'd,
Or dreſt for pleaſing wonder, or ſerene
In beauty's roſy ſmile. It now remains,
Thro' various being's fair proportion'd ſcale,
To trace the riſing luſtre of her charms,
From their firſt twilight, ſhining forth at length
To full meridian ſplendour. Of degree
The leaſt and lowlieſt in th' effuſive warmth
Of colours mingling with a random blaze,
Doth beauty dwell. Then higher in the line
And variation of determin'd ſhape,
Where Truth's eternal meaſures mark the bound
Of circle, cube, or ſphere. The third aſcent

Unites

Unites this varied ſymmetry of parts
With colours bland allurement; as the pearl
Shines in the concave of its azure bed,
And painted ſhells indent their ſpeckled wreath.
Then more attractive riſe the blooming forms
Thro' which the breath of nature has infus'd
Her genial power to draw with pregnant veins
Nutritious moiſture from the bounteous earth,
In fruit and ſeed prolific: thus the flow'rs
Their purple honours with the ſpring reſume;
And ſuch the ſtately tree which autumn bends
With bluſhing treaſures. But more lovely ſtill
Is nature's charm, where to the full conſent
Of complicated members, to the bloom
Of colour, and the vital change of growth,
Life's holy flame and piercing ſenſe are giv'n,
And active motion ſpeaks the temper'd ſoul;
So moves the bird of Juno; ſo the ſteed
With rival ardour beats the duſty plain,
And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy
Salute their fellows. Thus doth beauty dwell
There moſt conſpicuous, ev'n in outward ſhape,
Where dawns the high expreſſion of a mind:
By ſteps conducting our inraptur'd ſearch
To that eternal Origin, whoſe pow'r,
Thro' all th' unbounded ſymmetry of things,
Like rays effulging from the parent ſun,
This endleſs mixture of her charms diffus'd.
Mind, Mind alone, bear witneſs, earth and heaven!
The living fountains in itſelf contains
Of beauteous and ſublime: here, hand in hand,
Sit paramount the Graces; here inthron'd,
Celeſtial Venus, with divineſt airs,
Invites the ſoul to never-fading joy.
Look then abroad thro' nature, to the range
Of planets, ſuns, and adamantine ſpheres
Wheeling unſhaken thro' the void immenſe;
And ſpeak, O man! does this capacious ſce. e
With half that kindling majeſty dilate
Thy ſtrong conception, as when Brutus roſe
Refulgent from the ſtroke of Cæſar's fate,
Amid the croud of patriots; and his arm

Aloft extending, like eternal Jove
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and ſhook his crimſon ſteel,
And bade the father of his country, hail!
For lo! the tyrant proſtrate on the duſt,
And Rome again is free?—Is aught ſo fair
In all the dewy landſcapes of the ſpring,
In the bright eye of Heſper or the morn,
In nature's faireſt forms, is aught ſo fair
As virtuous friendſhip? as the candid bluſh
Of him who ſtrives with fortune to be juſt?
The graceful tear that ſtreams for other's woes?
Or the mild majeſty of private life,
Where peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
The gate; where honour's liberal hands effuſe
Unenvy'd treaſures, and the ſnowy wings
Of innocence and love protect the ſcene?

Natural beauty a mark of divine beneficence.

BUT were not nature ſtill endow'd at large
With all which life requires, tho' unadorn'd
With ſuch enchantment? wherefore then her form
So exquiſitely fair? her breath perfum'd
With ſuch etherial ſweetneſs? Whence her voice
Inform'd at will to raiſe or to depreſs
Th' impaſſion'd ſoul? and whence the robes of light
Which thus inveſt her with more lovely pomp
Than fancy can deſcribe? Whence but from thee,
O Source divine of ever-flowing love,
And thy unmeaſur'd goodneſs? Not content
With every food of life to nouriſh man,
By kind illuſions of the wond'ring ſenſe
Thou mak'ſt all nature beauty to his eye,
Or muſic to his ear: well-pleas'd he ſcans
The goodly proſpect; and with inward ſmiles
Treads the gay verdure of the painted plain;
Beholds the azure canopy of heav'n,
And living lamps that over-arch his head
With more than regal ſplendor; bends his ears
To the full choir of water, air, and earth;
Nor heeds the pleaſing error of his thought,

Nor

Nor doubts the painted green or azure arch,
Nor queſtions more the muſic's mingling ſounds
Than ſpace, or motion, or eternal time:
So ſweet he feels their influence to attract
The fixed ſoul; to brighten the dull glooms
Of care, and make the deſtin'd road of life
Delightful to his feet. So fables tell,
Th' advent'rous hero, bound on hard exploits,
Beholds with glad ſurprize, by ſecret ſpells
Of ſome kind ſage, the patron of his toils,
A viſionary paradiſe diſclos'd
Amid the dubious wild; with ſtreams and ſhades,
And airy ſongs, th' enchanted landſcape ſmiles,
Chears his long labours and renews his frame.
What then is taſte, but theſe internal pow'rs
Active, and ſtrong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulſe? a diſcerning ſenſe
Of decent and ſublime, with quick diſguſt
From things deform'd, or diſarrang'd, or groſs
In ſpecies? This, nor gems, nor ſtores of gold,
Nor purple ſtate, nor culture can beſtow;
But God alone, when firſt his active hand
Imprints the ſecret byaſs of the ſoul.
He, mighty Parent! wiſe and juſt in all,
Free as the vital breeze or light of heav'n,
Reveals the charms of nature. Aſk the ſwain
Who journeys homeward from a ſummer day's
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repoſe, he loiters to behold
The ſunſhine gleaming as thro' amber clouds,
O'er all the weſtern ſky; full ſoon I ween,
His rude expreſſion and untutor'd airs,
Beyond the pow'r of language will unfold
The form of beauty ſmiling at his heart,
How lovely, how commanding! But tho' heav'n
In every breaſt hath ſown theſe early ſeeds
Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
Without fair culture's kind parental aid,
Without enlivening ſuns, and genial ſhow'rs,
And ſhelter from the blaſt, in vain we hope
The tender plant ſhould rear its blooming head,
Or yield the harveſt promis'd in its ſpring.

Nor yet will every ſoil with equal ſtores
Repay the tiller's labour; or attend
His will obſequious, whether to produce
The olive or the laurel. Diff'rent minds
Incline to different objects: one purſues
The vaſt alone, the wonderful, the wild;
Another ſighs for harmony, and grace,
And gentleſt beauty. Hence when lightning fires
The arch of heav'n, and thunders rock the ground;
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And ocean groaning from the loweſt bed,
Heaves his tempeſtuous billows to the ſky;
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakeſpeare looks abroad
From ſome high cliff, ſuperior, and enjoys
The elemental war. But Waller longs,
All on the margin of ſome flow'ry ſtream
To ſpread his careleſs limbs amid the cool
Of plantane ſhades, and to the liſt'ning deer,
The tale of ſlighted vows and love's diſdain
Reſound ſoft-warbling all the live long day:
Conſenting Zephyr ſighs; the weeping rill
Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the groves;
And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
Such and ſo various are the taſtes of men.

YOUNG.

YOUNG.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Invocation———Importance of Time.—Man compoſed of oppoſites.

THOU, who didſt put to flight
Primæval Silence, when the morning ſtars,
Exulting, ſhouted o'er the riſing ball;
O Thou, whoſe word from ſolid darkneſs ſtruck
That ſpark, the ſun; ſtrike wiſdom from my ſoul;
My ſoul, which flies to Thee, her truſt, her treaſure,
As miſers to their gold, while others reſt.
'Thro' this opaque of nature, and of ſoul,
This double night, tranſmit one pitying ray,
To lighten, and to chear. O lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
Lead it thro' various ſcenes of life and death;
And from each ſcene, the nobleſt truths inſpire.
Nor leſs inſpire my conduct than my ſong;
Teach my beſt reaſon, reaſon; my beſt will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm reſolve
Wiſdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.
The bell ſtrikes one. We take no note of time,
But from its loſs. To give it then a tongue,
Is wiſe in man. As if an angel ſpoke,
I feel the ſolemn ſound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the ſignal that demands diſpatch:
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—On what? a fathomleſs abyſs;
A dread eternity! how ſurely mine!

And can eternity belong to me,
Poor penſioner on the bounties of an hour?
How poor, how rich, how abject, how auguſt,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man?
How paſſing wonder He, who made him ſuch?
Who center'd in our make ſuch ſtrange extremes?
From diff'rent natures marvelouſly mixt,
Connexion exquiſite of diſtant worlds!
Diſtinguiſht link in being's endleſs chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, ſully'd, and abſorpt!
Tho' ſully'd, and diſhonour'd, ſtill divine!
Dim miniature of greatneſs abſolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of duſt!
Helpleſs immortal! inſect infinite!
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myſelf,
And in myſelf am loſt! at home a ſtranger,
Thought wanders up and down, ſurpriz'd, aghaſt,
And wond'ring at her own: how reaſon reels?
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly diſtreſs'd! what joy, what dread!
Alternately tranſported, and alarm'd!
What can preſerve my life! or what deſtroy!
An angel's arm can't ſnatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

The purſuits and paſſions of man, proofs of his immortality.

"KNOW, all; know, infidels,—unapt to know!
"'Tis immortality your nature ſolves;
"'Tis immortality decyphers man,
"And opens all the myſt'ries of his make.
"Without it, half his inſtincts are a riddle;
"Without it, all his virtues are a dream.
"His very crimes atteſt his dignity;
"His fateleſs thirſt of pleaſure, gold, and fame,
"Declares him born for bleſſings infinite:
"What leſs than infinite makes un-abſurd
"Paſſions, which all on earth but more inflames?
"Fierce paſſions, ſo miſ-meaſur'd to this ſcene
"Stretch'd out, like eagles wings, beyond our neſt,

"Far,

" Far, far beyond the worth of all below,
" For earth too large, preſage a nobler flight,
" And evidence our title to the ſkies."
Ye gentle, theologues, of calmer kind!
Whoſe conſtitution dictates to your pen,
Who, cold yourſelves, think ardor comes from hell!
Think not our paſſions from corruption ſprung,
Tho' to corruption now they lend their wings;
That is their miſtreſs, not their mother. All
(And juſtly) reaſon deem divine: I ſee,
I feel a grandeur in the paſſions too,
Which ſpeaks their high deſcent, and glorious end;
Which ſpeaks them rays of an eternal fire.
In paradiſe itſelf they burnt as ſtrong,
Ere Adam fell; tho' wiſer in their aim.
Like the proud Eaſtern, ſtruck by providence,
What tho' our paſſions are run mad, and ſtoop
With low terreſtrial appetite, to graze
On traſh, on toys, dethron'd from high deſire?
Yet ſtill, thro' their diſgrace, no feeble ray
Of greatneſs ſhines, and tells us whence they fell:
But theſe (like that fall'n monarch when reclaim'd),
When reaſon moderates the rein aright,
Shall re-aſcend, remount their former ſphere,
Where once they ſoar'd illuſtrious; ere ſeduc'd
By wanton Eve's debauch, to ſtroll on earth,
And ſet the ſublunary world on fire.
But grant their phrenſy laſts; their phrenſy fails
To diſappoint one providential end,
For which heav'n blew up ardour in our hearts:
Were reaſon ſilent, boundleſs paſſion ſpeaks
A future ſcene of boundleſs objects too,
And brings glad tidings of eternal day.
Eternal day! 'Tis that enlightens all;
And all, by that enlighten'd, proves it ſure.
Conſider man as an immortal being,
Intelligible all; and all is great;
A cryſtalline tranſparency prevails,
And ſtrikes full luſtre thro' the human ſphere:
Conſider man as mortal, All is dark,
And wretched; reaſon weeps at the ſurvey.

The learn'd Lorenzo cries, "And let her weep,
"Weak, modern reaſon: ancient times were wiſe.
"Authority, that venerable guide,
"Stands on my part; the fam'd Athenian porch
"(And who for wiſdom ſo renown'd as they?)
"Deny'd this immortality to man."
I grant it; but affirm, they prov'd it too.
A riddle this!—Have patience; I'll explain.
What noble vanities, what moral flights,
Glitt'ring thro' their romantic wiſdom's page,
Make us, at once, deſpiſe them, and admire?
Fable is flat to theſe high ſeaſon'd fires;
They leave th' extravagance of ſong below.
"Fleſh ſhall not feel; or, feeling, ſhall enjoy
"The dagger or the rack; to them, alike
"A bed of roſes, or the burning bull."
In men exploding all beyond the grave,
Strange doctrine, this! as doctrine, it was ſtrange;
But not, as propheſy; for ſuch it prov'd,
And, to their own amazement, was fulfill'd:
They feign'd a firmneſs Chriſtians need not feign.
The Chriſtian truly triumph'd in the flame:
The Stoic ſaw, in double wonder loſt,
Wonder at them, and wonder at himſelf,
To find the bold adventures of his thought
Not bold, and that he ſtrove to lye in vain.
Whence, then, thoſe thoughts? Thoſe tow'ring thoughts, that flew
Such monſtrous heights?—From inſtinct, and from pride.
The glorious inſtinct of a deathleſs ſoul,
Confus'dly conſcious of her dignity,
Suggeſted truths they could not underſtand.
In luſt's dominion, and in paſſion's ſtorm,
Truth's ſyſtem broken, ſcatter'd fragments lay,
As light in chaos, glimm'ring thro' the gloom:
Smit with the pomp of lofty ſentiments,
Pleas'd pride proclaim'd, what reaſon diſbeliev'd.
Pride, like the Delphic prieſteſs, with a ſwell,
Rav'd nonſenſe, deſtin'd to be future ſenſe,
When life immortal, in full day, ſhould ſhine;
And death's dark ſhadows fly the goſpel ſun.

They

They ſpoke, what nothing but immortal ſouls
Could ſpeak; and thus the truth they queſtion'd, prov'd.
Can then abſurdities, as well as crimes,
Speak man immortal? All things ſpeak him ſo.
Much has been urg'd; and doſt thou call for more?
Call; and with endleſs queſtions be diſtreſt,
All unreſolvable, if earth is all.

Nature and man, in every view of them, full of myſteries.

TO cloſe, Lorenzo! ſpite of all my pains,
Still ſeems it ſtrange, that thou ſhouldſt live for ever?
Is it leſs ſtrange, that thou ſhouldſt live at all?
This is a miracle; and that no more.
Who gave beginning, can exclude an end.
Deny thou art: then, doubt if thou ſhalt be.
A miracle with miracles inclos'd,
Is man: and ſtarts his faith at what is ſtrange?
What leſs than wonders, from the wonderful;
What leſs than miracles from God, can flow?
Admit a God—that myſtery ſupreme!
That cauſe uncaus'd! all other wonders ceaſe;
Nothing is marvellous for him to do:
Deny him—all is myſtery beſides;
Millions of myſteries! each darker far,
Than that thy wiſdom would, unwiſely, ſhun.
If weak thy faith, why chuſe the harder ſide?
We nothing know, but what is marvellous;
Yet what is marvellous, we can't believe.
So weak our reaſon and ſo great our God,
What moſt ſurpriſes in the ſacred page,
Or full as ſtrange, or ſtranger, muſt be true.
Faith is not reaſon's labour, but repoſe.——
If not all-adamant, Lorenzo! hear;
All is deluſion; nature is wrapt up,
In tenfold night, from reaſon's keeneſt eye;
There's no conſiſtence, meaning, plan, or end,
In all beneath the ſun, in all above,
(As far as man can penetrate) or heaven
Is an immenſe, ineſtimable prize;
Or all is nothing, or that prize is all.—

DRYDEN.

DRYDEN.

ALEXANDER's FEAST,

AN

ODE.

I.

'TWAS at the royal feaſt, for Perſia won,
By Philip's warlike ſon;
Aloft in awful ſtate
The God-like Heroe ſat
On his imperial throne:
His valiant Peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roſes and with myrtles bound.
(So ſhould deſert in arms be crown'd)
The lovely Thaïs by his ſide,
Sate like a blooming eaſtern bride
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerves the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerves the fair.

II.

Timotheus plac'd on high,
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes aſcend the ſky,
And heav'nly joys inſpire.

The

The ſong began from Jove;
Who left his bliſsful ſeats above,
(Such is the pow'r of mighty love.)
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the God:
Sublime on radiant ſpires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia preſs'd,
And while he ſought her ſnowy breaſt,
Then, round her ſlender waiſt he curl'd,
And ſtamp'd an image of himſelf, a ſov'reign of the world.
The liſt'ning croud admire the lofty ſound,
A preſent Deity, they ſhout around:
A preſent Deity, the vaulted roofs rebound.
With raviſh'd ears
The Monarch hears,
Aſſumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

CHORUS.

With raviſh'd ears
The Monarch hears,
Aſſumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

III.

The praiſe of Bacchus then, the ſweet muſician ſung;
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
The jolly God in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets; beat the drums;
Fluſh'd with a purple grace
He ſhews his honeſt face,
Now gives the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes,
Bacchus ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did firſt ordain,
Bacchus' bleſſings are a treaſure;
Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure;
Rich the treaſure;
Sweet the pleaſure;
Sweet is pleaſure after pain.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' bleſſings are a treaſure;
Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure;
Rich the treaſure;
Sweet the pleaſure;
Sweet is pleaſure after pain.

IV.

Sooth'd with the ſound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again:
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he ſlew the ſlain.
The maſter ſaw the madneſs riſe;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heav'n and earth defy'd
Chang'd his hand and check'd his pride.
He choſe a mournful muſe
Soft pity to infuſe:
He ſung Darius great and good,
By too ſevere a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high eſtate,
And w lt'ring in his blood:
Deſerted at his utmoſt need,
By thoſe his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to cloſe his eyes.
With down-caſt looks the joyleſs victor ſate
Revolving in his alter'd ſoul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a ſigh he ſtole;
And tears began to blow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his alter'd ſoul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a ſigh he ſtole;
And tears began to flow.

V.

The mighty maſter ſmil'd to ſee
That love was in the next degree:

'Twas

'Twas but a kindred-ſound to move;
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly ſweet in Lydian meaſures,
Soon he ſooth'd his ſoul to pleaſures.
War, he ſung, is toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, ſtill beginning,
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying,
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying.
Lovely Thaïs ſits beſide thee,
Take the good the Gods provide thee.
The many rend the ſkies, with loud applauſe,
So love was crown'd, but muſic won the cauſe.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd and ſigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt.

CHORUS.

The prince unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd and look'd
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt.

VI.

Now ſtrike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder ſtrain,
Break his bands of ſleep aſunder,
And rouſe him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid ſound
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he ſtares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies riſe!

See the ſnakes that they rear,
How they hiſs in their hair,
And the ſparkles that flaſh from their eyes!
Behold a ghaſtly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Thoſe are Grecian ghoſts, that in battle were ſlain,
And unburied remain,
Inglorious on the plain.
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toſs their torches on high;
How they point to the Perſian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hoſtile gods!
The princes applaud with a furious joy!
And the king ſeiz'd a flambeau with zeal to deſtroy;
Thaïs led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Hellen, fir'd another Troy.

CHORUS.

And the king ſeiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to deſtroy;
Thaïs led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Hellen, fir'd another Troy.

VII.

Thus, long ago
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And ſounding lyre,
Could ſwell the ſoul to rage, or kindle ſoft deſire.
At laſt divine Cecilia came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame;
The ſweet enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred ſtore,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to ſolemn ſounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before,
Let old Timotheus yield the prize;
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the ſkies;
She drew an angel down.

Grand

Grand CHORUS.

At laſt divine Cecilia came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame;
The ſweet enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred ſtore,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
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GRAY.

An ELEGY. Written in a country church-yard.

THE curfeu tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds ſlowly o'er the lea.
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landſkip on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds;
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
Or drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch as, wand'ring near her ſecret bow'r,
Moleſt her ancient ſolitary reign.

Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude fore-fathers of the hamlet ſleep.

The breezy call of incenſe-breathing morn,
The ſwallow twitt'ring from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her evening care:
No children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envy'd kiſs to ſhare.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their teem a-field!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

Let not ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Forgive, ye proud, th' involuntary fault,
If memory to theſe no trophies raiſe,
Where through the long-drawn iſle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem ſwells the notes of praiſe.

Can ſtoried urn, or animated buſt,
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice, provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or flatt'ry ſooth the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire,
Hands that the reins of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to extaſy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the ſpoils of time, did ne'er unrol;
Chill penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may reſt;
Some Cromwell, guiltleſs of his country's blood.

Th' applauſe of liſt'ning ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſtory in a nation's eyes

Their lot forbad; nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of luxury and pride
With incenſe, kindled at the muſe's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

Yet e'en theſe bones from inſult to protect,
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes aud ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.

Their name, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply;
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor caſt one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Awake and faithful to her wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred ſpirit ſhall inquire thy fate.

Haply, ſome hoary-headed ſwain may ſay,
" Oft have we ſeen him at the peep of dawn
" Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dews away,
" To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.

" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
" That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
" His liſtleſs length at noon-tide would he ſtretch,
" And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

" Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
" Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
" Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
" Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

" One morn I miſs'd him on th' accuſtom'd hill,
" Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
" Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
" Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

" The next with dirges due in ſad array,
" Slow thro' the church-way path we ſaw him borne.
" Approach and read (for thou can'ſt read) the lay,
" Grav'd on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn.

" There ſcatter'd oft, the earlieſt of the year,
" By hands unſeen, are ſhow'rs of violets found;
" The red-breaſt loves to build and warble there,
" And little footſteps lightly print the ground.

THE EPITAPH.

" Here reſts his head upon the lap of earth
" A youth to fortune and to fame unknown:
" Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
" And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

" Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere,
" Heav'n did a recompence, as largely ſend:
" He gave to mis'ry (all he had) a tear:
" He gain'd from heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd) a friend.

" No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
" Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
" (There they alike in trembling hope repoſe)
" The boſom of his father and his God."

POPE.

POPE.

ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

Taſte as ſeldom found as genius.

'TIS hard to ſay, if greater want of ſkill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But of the two leſs dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than miſlead our ſenſe.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten cenſure wrong for one who writes amiſs;
A fool might once himſelf alone expoſe,
Now one in verſe makes many more in proſe.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go juſt alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taſte as ſeldom is the critic's ſhare;
Both muſt alike from Heav'n derive their light,
Theſe born to judge, as well as thoſe to write.
Let ſuch teach others who themſelves excel,
And cenſure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true;
But are not critics to their judgment too?
Yet if we look more cloſely, we ſhall find
Moſt have the ſeeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at leaſt a glimm'ring light;
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the ſlighteſt ſketch, if juſtly trac'd,
Is by ill-colouring but the more diſgrac'd,
So by falſe learning is good ſenſe defac'd.

Neceſſity of knowing the extent of our taſte and genius.

BUT you who ſeek to give and merit fame,
And juſtly bear a critic's noble name,
Be ſure yourſelf and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taſte, and learning go;

Launch

Launch not beyond your depth, but be diſcreet,
And mark that point where ſenſe and dulneſs meet.
Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wiſely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide ſandy plains;
Thus in the ſoul while memory prevails,
The ſolid pow'r of underſtanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's ſoft figures melt away.
One ſcience only will one genius fit;
So vaſt is art, ſo narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft' in thoſe confin'd to ſingle parts.
Like kings we loſe the conqueſts gain'd before,
By vain ambition ſtill to make them more:
Each might his ſev'ral province well command,
Would all but ſtoop to what they underſtand.

Rules for judging with propriety.

YOU then whoſe judgment the right courſe would ſteer,
Know well each Ancient's proper character;
His fable, ſubject, ſcope in ev'ry page;
Religion, country, genius of his age:
Without all theſe at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticize.
Be Homer's works your ſtudy and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the Muſes upward to their ſpring.
Still with itſelf compar'd, his text peruſe;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muſe.

Great beauties above rules.

SOME beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happineſs as well as care.
Muſic reſembles poetry, in each
Are nameleſs graces which no methods teach,
And which a maſter hand alone can reach.

If,

If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky licenſe anſwer to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that licenſe is a rule.
Thus Pegaſus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track;
From vulgar bounds with brave diſorder part,
And ſnatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which without paſſing thro' the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.

Cauſes of error in judging.

OF all the cauſes which conſpire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and miſguide the mind,
What the weak head with ſtrongeſt bias rules,
Is Pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride;
For as in bodies, thus in ſouls, we find
What wants in blood and ſpirits, ſwell'd with wind:
Pride, where wit fails, ſteps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of ſenſe.
If once right reaſon drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with reſiſtleſs day.
Truſt not yourſelf; but your defects to know,
Make uſe of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.
A little learning is a dang'rous thing;
Drink deep or taſte not the Pierian ſpring:
There ſhallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely ſobers us again.
Fir'd at firſt ſight with what the Muſe imparts,
In fearleſs youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor ſee the lengths behind;
But more advanc'd, behold with ſtrange ſurprize
New diſtant ſcenes of endleſs ſcience riſe!
So pleas'd at firſt the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and ſeem to tread the ſky,
Th' eternal ſnows appear already paſt,
And the firſt clouds and mountains ſeem the laſt:

But

But, thoſe attain'd we tremble to ſurvey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
Th' increaſing proſpect tires our wand'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps ariſe!

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the ſame ſpirit that its author writ:
Survey the whole, nor ſeek ſlight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor loſe for that malignant dull delight,
The gen'rous pleaſure to be charm'd with wit.
But in ſuch lays as neither ebb, nor flow,
Correctly cold and regularly low,
That ſhunning faults one quiet tenor keep;
We cannot blame indeed—but we may ſleep.
In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactneſs of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full reſult of all.
Thus when we view ſome well proportion'd dome,
(The world's juſt wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)
No ſingle parts unequally ſurpriſe,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
No monſtrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
The whole at once is bold, and regular.

Some to conceit alone their taſte confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts ſtruck out at ev'ry line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's juſt or fit;
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets like painters, thus unſkill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is nature to advantage dreſs'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er ſo well expreſs'd;
Something, whoſe truth convinc'd at ſight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As ſhades more ſweetly recommend the light,
So modeſt plainneſs ſets off ſprightly wit.
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies periſh thro' exceſs of blood.

Others for language all their care expreſs,
And value books, as women men, for dreſs:

Their

Their praiſe is ſtill,—the ſtyle is excellent:
The ſenſe, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they moſt abound,
Much fruit of ſenſe beneath is rarely found.
Falſe eloquence, like the priſmatic glaſs,
Its gaudy colours ſpreads on ev'ry place;
The face of nature we no more ſurvey,
All glares alike, without diſtinction gay:
But true expreſſion, like th' unchanging ſun,
Clears, and improves what'er it ſhines upon,
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
In words, as faſhions, the ſame rule will hold;
Alike fantaſtic, if too new or old:
Be not the firſt by whom the new are try'd,
Nor yet the laſt to lay the old aſide.

But moſt by numbers judge a poet's ſong;
And ſmooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:
In the bright Muſe tho' thouſand charms conſpire,
Her voice is all theſe tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnaſſus but to pleaſe their ear,
Not mend their minds; as ſome to church repair,
Not for the doctrine but the muſic there.
Theſe equal ſyllables alone require,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join;
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the ſame unvary'd chimes,
With ſure returns of ſtill expected rhymes;
Where'er you find "the cooling weſtern breeze,"
In the next line, it "whiſpers thro' the trees:"
If cryſtal ſtreams "with pleaſing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threat'n'd (not in vain) with "ſleep:"
Then, at the laſt and only couplet fraught
With ſome unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needleſs Alexandrine ends the ſong,
That like a wounded ſnake, drags its ſlow length along.
Leave ſuch to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly ſmooth, or languiſhingly ſlow;
And praiſe the eaſy vigour of a line,
Where Denham's ſtrength, and Waller's ſweetneſs join.
True eaſe in writing comes from art, not chance,
As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learn'd to dance.

'Tis

'Tis not enough no harſhneſs gives offence,
The ſound muſt ſeem an echo to the ſenſe:
Soft is the ſtrain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the ſmooth ſtream in ſmoother numbers flows:
But when loud ſurges laſh the ſounding ſhore,
The hoarſe, rough verſe ſhould like the torrent roar.
When Ajax ſtrives ſome rocks vaſt weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move ſlow:
Not ſo when ſwift Camilla ſcours the plain,
Flies o'er th'unbending corn, and ſkims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays ſurpriſe,
And bid alternate paſſions fall and riſe!
While, at each change, the ſon of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with ſparkling fury glow,
Now ſighs ſteal out, and tears begin to flow:
Perſians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor ſtood ſubdu'd by ſound!
The pow'r of muſic all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

Fate of modern languages and authors.

SHORT is the date, alas! of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but juſt to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When patriarch wits ſurviv'd a thouſand years:
Now length of fame (our ſecond life) is loſt,
And bare threeſcore is all ev'n that can boaſt;
Our ſons their fathers' failing language ſee,
And ſuch as Chaucer is, ſhall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has deſign'd
Some bright idea of the maſter's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colours ſoften and unite,
And ſweetly melt into juſt ſhade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure juſt begins to live,
The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!

ETHIC EPISTLES.

The knowledge and characters of men. Not to be learned either by books or obſervation ſingly, but by both.

YES, you deſpiſe the man to books confin'd,
Who from his ſtudy rails at human kind;
Tho' what he learns he ſpeaks, and may advance
Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, ſo talkative and grave
That from his cage cries cuckold, jade, and knave,
Tho' many a paſſenger he rightly call
You hold him no philoſopher at all.
And yet the fate of all extremes is ſuch,
Men may be read, as well as books, too much.
To obſervations which ourſelves we make,
We grow more partial for th' obſerver's ſake;
To written wiſdom, as another's leſs:
Maxims are drawn from notions, theſe from gueſs.

Education forms the character of moſt men.

'TIS education forms the vulgar mind;
Juſt as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.
Boaſtful and rough, your firſt ſon is a 'ſquire;
The next a tradeſman, meek, and much a liar:
Tom ſtruts a ſoldier, open, bold and brave;
Will. ſneaks a ſcriv'ner, an exceeding knave;
Is he a churchman? then he's fond of pow'r;
A quaker? ſly; a preſbyterian? ſour;
A ſmart free thinker? all things in an hour

The ruling paſſion continues till death.

A ſalmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate:
The doctor call'd declares all help too late.
"Mercy! cries Helluo, mercy on my ſoul!
"Is there no hope? alas!—then bring the jowl."

" Odious! in woollen! 'twou'd a ſaint provoke,
(Were the laſt words that poor Narciſſa ſpoke)
" No, let a charming chintz, and bruſſels lace
" Wrap my cold limbs, and ſhade my lifeleſs face:
" One would not, ſure, be frightful when one's dead—
" And, Betty! give this cheek a little red."
The courtier ſmooth, who forty years had ſhin'd
An humble ſervant to all human kind,
Juſt brought out this, when ſcarce his tongue could ſtir,
" If—where I'm going——I could ſerve you, ſir."
" I give and I deviſe (old Euclio ſaid,
And ſigh'd) " my lands and tenements to Ned."
Your money ſir? " My money, ſir! what all?
" Why—if I muſt – (then wept) I give it Paul."
The manor, ſir? The manor! " Hold, he cry'd,
" Not that——I cannot part with that"—and dy'd.
And you! brave Cobham, to the lateſt breath,
Shall feel your ruling paſſion ſtrong in death:
Such in thoſe moments, as in all the paſt,
" Oh ſave my country, heav'n!" ſhall be your laſt.

A character.

WHERE London's column, pointing at the ſkies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lyes;
There dwelt a citizen of ſober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name.
Religious, punctual, frugal, and ſo forth;
His word would paſs for more than he was worth.
One ſolid diſh his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding ſolemniz'd the Lord's.
Conſtant at church, and 'change; his gains were ſure,
His givings rare, ſave farthings to the poor.
The dev'l was piqu'd, ſuch ſaintſhip to behold,
And long'd to tempt him like good Job of old:
But Satan now is wiſer than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Rouz'd by the prince of air, the whirlwinds ſweep
The ſurge, and plunge his father in the deep;
Then full againſt his corniſh lands they roar,
And two rich ſhip wrecks bleſs the lucky ſhore.
Sir Balaam now he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, he crakes his jokes:

" Live

"Live like yourſelf," was ſoon my lady's word;
And lo! two puddings ſmoak'd upon the board.
Aſleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honeſt factor ſtole a gem away:
He pledg'd it to the knight; the knight had wit,
So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.
Some ſcruple roſe, but thus he eas'd his thought,
"I'll now give ſix-pence where I give a groat;
"Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
"And am ſo clear too of all other vice."
The tempter ſaw his time: the work he ply'd;
Stocks and ſubſcriptions pour on ev'ry ſide,
Till all the dæmon makes his full deſcent,
In one abundant ſhow'r of cent. per cent.
Sinks deep within him, and poſſeſſes whole,
Then dubs director, and ſecures his ſoul.
Behold ſir Balaam, now a man of ſpirit,
Aſcribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a bleſſing, now was wit,
And God's good providence, a lucky hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn.
His compting-houſe employ'd the Sunday-morn;
Seldom at church, ('twas ſuch a buſy life)
But duly ſent his family and wife.
There (ſo the fates ordain'd) one Chriſtmas-tide
My good old Lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.
A nymph of quality admires our knight;
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite:
Leaves the dull cits, and joins (to pleaſe the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:
Firſt, for his ſon a gay commiſſion buys,
Who drinks, games, fights, and in a duel dies.
His daughter flaunts a viſcount's taudry wife;
She bears a coronet and plague for life.
In Britain's ſenate he a ſeat obtains,
And one more penſioner St. Stephen gains.
My lady falls to play: ſo bad her chance,
He muſt repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The houſe impeach him; Coningſby harangues;
The court forſake him, and ſir Balaam hangs:
Wife, ſon, and daughter, Satan, are thy own;
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown,

The king and miniſtry divide the prize,
And ſad ſir Balaam then deſpairs and dies.

Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot.

SHUT, ſhut the door, good John! fatigu'd I ſaid,
Tye up the knocker, ſay I'm ſick, I'm dead.
The dog-ſtar rages! nay 'tis paſt a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnaſſus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what ſhades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, thro' my grot they glide,
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They ſtop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is ſacred, not the church is free,
Ev'n Sunday ſhines no ſabbath-day to me:
Then from the mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy! to catch me, juſt at dinner-time.
Is there a parſon, much be-mus'd in beer,
A maudlin poeteſs, a rhyming peer,
A clerc, foredoom'd his father's ſoul to croſs,
Who pens a ſtanza when he ſhould engroſs?
Is there, who lock'd from ink and paper, ſcrawls
With deſp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble ſtrain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whoſe giddy ſon neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cauſe:
Poor Cornus ſees his frantic wife elope,
And curſes wit, and poetry, and Pope.
Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle ſong)
What drop or noſtrum can this plague remove?
Or which muſt end me, a fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm ſped,
If foes, they write, if friends they read me dead.
Seiz'd, and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I,
Who can't be ſilent, and who will not lye;
To laugh, were want of goodneſs and of grace,
And to be grave, exceeds all pow'r of face.

I ſit

I ſit with ſad civility, I read
With honeſt anguiſh, and an aching head;
And drop at laſt, but in unwilling ears
This ſaving counſel, "keep your piece nine years."
Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane
Lull'd by ſoft zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
Oblig'd by hunger and requeſt of friends:
"The piece you think is incorrect? why take it,
"I'm all ſubmiſſion, what you'd have it, make it."
Three things another's modeſt wiſhes bound,
My friendſhip, and a prologue, and ten pound.
Pitholeon ſends to me: "you know his grace,
"I want a patron; aſk him for a place."
Pitholeon libell'd me——"but here's a letter
"Informs you, ſir, 'twas when he knew no better.
"Dare you refuſe him? Curl invites to dine,
"He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine."
Bleſs me! a packet——"'Tis a ſtranger ſues,
"A virgin tragedy, an orphan Muſe."
If I diſlike it, "Furies, death and rage!
If I approve, "commend it to the ſtage."
There (thank my ſtars) my whole commiſſion ends,
The play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends.
Fir'd that the houſe reject him, "'ſdeath I'll print it
"And ſhame the fools—your int'reſt, ſir, with Lintot."
Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much.
"Not ſir, if you reviſe it, and retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks,
At laſt he whiſpers "do, and we go ſnacks."
Glad of a quarrel, ſtrait I clapt the door,
Sir, let me ſee your works and you no more.
There are, who to my perſon pay their court,
I cough like Horace, and tho' lean, am ſhort,
Ammon's great ſon one ſhoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's noſe, and "Sir! you have an eye——
Go on, obliging creatures, make me ſee
All that diſgrac'd my betters, met in me.
Say for my comfort, languiſhing in bed,
"Juſt ſo immortal Maro held his head:"
And when I die be ſure you let me know
Great Homer dy'd three thouſand years ago.

AMB. PHILIPS.

Oreſtes delivering his embaſſy to Pyrrhus, in the tragedy of the Diſtreſt Mother.

Oreſtes, Pyrrhus, and Phœnix.

ORESTES.

BEFORE I ſpeak the meſſage of the Greeks,
Permit me, ſir, to glory in the title
Of their ambaſſador; ſince I behold
Troy's vanquiſher, and great Achilles' ſon.
Nor does the ſon riſe ſhort of ſuch a father:
If Hector fell by him, Troy fell by you.
But, what your father never would have done,
You do. You cheriſh the remains of Troy;
And, by an ill-tim'd pity, keep alive
The dying embers of a ten-years war.
Have you ſo ſoon forgot the mighty Hector?
The Greeks remember his high brandiſh'd ſword,
That fill'd their ſtates with widows and with orphans;
For which they call for vengeance on his ſon.
Who knows what he may one day prove? Who knows
But he may brave us in our ports; and, fill'd
With Hector's fury, ſet our fleets on blaze?
You may, yourſelf, live to repent your mercy.
Comply, then, with the Grecians juſt demands:
Satiate their vengeance, and preſerve yourſelf.

Pyr. The Greeks are for my ſafe[illegible] more concern'd
Than I deſire. I thought your k[illegible] were met
On more important counſel. When I heard
The name of their ambaſſador, I hop'd
Some glorious enterprize was taking birth.
Is Agamemnon's ſon diſpatch'd for this?
And do the Grecian chiefs, renown'd in war,
A race of heroes, join in cloſe debate,
To plot an infant's death?—What right has Greece
To aſk his life! muſt I, muſt I alone,
Of all her ſcepter'd warriors, be deny'd

To

To treat my captive as I pleaſe! know, prince,
When Troy lay ſmoaking on the ground, and each
Proud victor ſhar'd the harveſt of the war,
Andromache, and this her ſon were mine;
Were mine by lot! and who ſhall wreſt them from me?
Ulyſſes bore away old Priam's queen;
Caſſandra was your own great father's prize:
Did I concern myſelf in what they won?
Did I ſend embaſſies to claim their captives?

Oreſt. But, ſir, we fear for you and for ourſelves.
Troy may again revive, and a new Hector
Riſe in Aſtyanax. Then think betimes——

Pyr. Let daſtard ſouls be timorouſly wiſe:
But tell them, Pyrrhus knows not how to form
Far fancy'd ills, and dangers out of ſight.

Oreſt. Sir, call to mind the unrival'd ſtrength of Troy;
Her walls, her bulwarks, and her gates of braſs;
Her kings, her heroes, and embattled armies!

Pyr. I call them all to mind; and ſee them all
Confus'd in duſt; all mix't in one wide ruin;
All but a child, and he in bondage held.
What vengeance can we fear from ſuch a Troy?
If they have ſworn to extinguiſh Hector's race,
Why was their vow for twelve long months deferr'd?
Why was he not in Priam's boſom ſlain;
He ſhould have fall'n among the ſlaughter'd heaps,
Whelm'd under Troy. His death had then been juſt,
When age and infancy, alike in vain
Pleaded their weakneſs; when the heat of conqueſt,
And horrors of the fight, rouz'd all our rage,
And blindly hurry'd us thro' ſcenes of death.
My fury then was without bounds: but now,
My wrath appeas'd, muſt I be cruel ſtill?
And deaf to all the tender calls of pity,
Like a cool murderer, bathe my hands in blood?
An infant's blood?—No, Prince—Go, bid the Greeks
Mark out ſome other victim; my revenge
Has had its fill. What has eſcap'd from Troy
Shall not be ſav'd to periſh in Epirus.

Oreſt. I need not tell you, ſir, Aſtyanax
Was doom'd to death in Troy; nor mention how
The crafty mother ſav'd her darling ſon.

The

The Greeks do now but urge their former ſentence:
Nor is't the boy, but Hector they purſue;
The father draws their vengeance on the ſon:
The father, who ſo oft in Grecian blood
Has drench'd his ſword: the father, whom the Greeks
May ſeek even here.——Prevent them, ſir, in time,

Pyr. No! let them come; ſince I was born to wage
Eternal wars. Let them now turn their arms
On him, who conquer'd for them: let them come,
And in Epirus ſeek another Troy.
'Twas thus they recompens'd my godlike ſire;
Thus was Achilles thank'd. But, prince, remember,
Their black ingratitude then coſt them dear.

Oreſt. Shall Greece then find a rebel ſon in Pyrrhus?

Pyr. Have I then conquer'd to depend on Greece?

Oreſt. Hermione will ſway your ſoul to peace,
And mediate 'twixt her father and yourſelf:
Her beauty will enforce my embaſſy.

Pyr. Hermione may have her charms; and I
May love her ſtill, tho' not her father's ſlave.
I may in time give proofs, that I am a lover;
But never muſt forget, that I am a king.
Mean-while, ſir, you may ſee fair Helen's daughter:
I know how near in blood you ſtand ally'd.
That done, you have my anſwer, prince. The Greeks,
No doubt, expect your quick return.

ADDISON.

The ſenate ſcene in the tragedy of Cato.

SEMPRONIUS.

ROME ſtill ſurvives in this aſſembled ſenate!
Let us remember we are Cato's friends,
And act like men who claim that glorious title.

Luc. Cato will ſoon be here and open to us
Th' occaſion of our meeting. Hark! he comes!
[*A ſound of trumpets.*
May all the guardian gods of Rome direct him!

Enter

Enter Cato.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in council.
Cæſar's approach has ſummon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our reſolves:
How ſhall we treat this bold aſpiring man?
Succeſs ſtill follows him, and backs his crimes;
Pharſalia gave him Rome, Egypt has ſince
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæſar's.
Why ſhould I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning ſands
Still ſmoke with blood. 'Tis time we ſhould decree
What courſe to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Libya's ſultry deſarts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts: Are they ſtill fixt
To hold it out and fight it to the laſt?
Or are your hearts ſubdu'd at length, and wrought
By time, and ill ſucceſs, to a ſubmiſſion?
Sempronius, ſpeak.

Semp. My voice is ſtill for war,
Gods! can a Roman ſenate long debate
Which of the two to chooſe, ſlav'ry or death!
No, let us riſe at once, gird on our ſwords,
And at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps ſome arm, more lucky than the reſt,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Riſe, father's, riſe! 'tis Rome demands your help:
Riſe, and revenge her ſlaughter'd citizens,
Or ſhare their fate! The corps of half her ſenate
Manure the fields of Theſſaly, while we
Sit here delib'rating in cold debates,
If we ſhould ſacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in ſervitude and chains.
Rouſe up, for ſhame! our brothers of Pharſalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle!
Great Pompey's ſhade complains that we are ſlow,
And Scipio's ghoſt walks unreveng'd amongſt us!

Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Tranſport thee thus beyond the bounds of reaſon:
True fortitude is ſeen in great exploits
That juſtice warrants, and that wiſdom guides,

All elſe is tow'ring frenzy and diſtraction.
Are not the lives of thoſe who draw the ſword
In Rome's defence entruſted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of ſlaughter,
Might not th' impartial world with reaſon ſay
We laviſh'd at our deaths the blood of thouſands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

Luc. My thoughts, I muſt confeſs, are turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows, and with orphans: Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remoteſt regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:
'Tis time to ſheathe the ſword, and ſpare mankind.
It is not Cæſar, but the Gods, my fathers,
The Gods declare againſt us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
(Prompted by blind revenge and wild deſpair)
Were to refuſe th' awards of Providence,
And not to reſt in Heav'n's determination.
Already have we ſhewn our love to Rome,
Now let us ſhew ſubmiſſion to the Gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourſelves,
But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,
Arms have no farther uſe: our country's cauſe,
That drew our ſwords, now wreſts 'em from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood
Unprofitably ſhed: what men could do,
Is done already: heav'n and earth will witneſs,
If Rome muſt fall, that we are innocent.

Semp. This ſmooth diſcourſe, and mild behaviour oft
Conceal a traitor ——ſomething whiſpers me
All is not right—Cato beware of Lucius. [*Aſide to Cato.*

Cato. Let us appear nor raſh nor diffident;
Immod'rate valour ſwells into a fault;
And fear admitted into public councils
Betrays like treaſon. Let us ſhun 'em both.
Fathers, I cannot ſee that our affairs
Are grown thus deſp'rate; we have bulwarks round us;
Within our walls are troops enur'd to toil
In Africk's heat, and ſeaſon'd to the ſun;
Numidia's ſpacious kingdom lies behind us,

Ready

Ready to riſe at its young prince's call.
While there is hope, do not diſtruſt the Gods:
But wait at leaſt 'till Cæſar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To ſue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why ſhould Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No, let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and ſpin it to the laſt,
So ſhall we gain ſtill one day's liberty;
And let me periſh, but in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter Marcus.

Mar. Fathers, this moment as I watch'd the gate,
Lodg'd on my poſt, a herald is arriv'd
From Cæſar's camp, and with him comes old Decius,
The Roman knight; he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to ſpeak with Cato.

Cato. By permiſſion, fathers, bid him enter.

[*Exit Marcus.*

Decius was once my friend, but other proſpects
Has loos'd thoſe ties, and bound him faſt to Cæſar.
His meſſage may determine our reſolves.

Enter Decius.

Dec. Cæſar ſends health to Cato—

Cato. Cou'd he ſend it
To Cato's ſlaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your order's to addreſs the ſenate?

Dec. My buſineſs is with Cato; Cæſar ſees
The ſtraits to which you are driv'n; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome:
Wou'd he ſave Cato? bid him ſpare his country.
Tell your dictator this: and tell him, Cato
Diſdains a life, which he has power to offer.

Dec. Rome and her ſenators ſubmit to Cæſar;
Her gen'rals and her conſuls are no more
Who check'd his conqueſts, and deny'd his triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Cæſar's friend?

Cato. Thoſe very reaſons thou haſt urg'd forbid it.

Dec. Cato, I've orders to expoſtulate,
And reaſon with you, as from friend to friend:

Think

Think on the ſtorm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens ev'ry hour to burſt upon it;
Still may you ſtand high in your country's honours,
Do but comply and make your peace with Cæſar.
Rome will rejoice, and caſt its eyes on Cato,
As on the ſecond of mankind.

Cato. No more:
I muſt not think of life on ſuch conditions.

Dec. Cæſar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore ſets this value on your life:
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendſhip,
And name your terms.

Cato. Bid him diſband his legions,
Reſtore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public cenſure,
And ſtand the judgment of a Roman ſenate.
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wiſdom—

Cato. Nay, more, tho' Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the guilty and to varniſh crimes,
Myſelf will mount the roſtrum in his favour,
And ſtrive to gain his pardon from the people.

Dec. A ſtyle like this, becomes a conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a ſtyle like this, becomes a Roman.

Dec. What is a Roman, that is Cæſar's foe?

Cato. Greater than Cæſar: he's a friend to virtue.

Dec. Conſider, Cato, your're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little ſenate;
You don't now thunder in the Capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to ſecond you.

Cato. Let him conſider that, who drives us hither?
'Tis Cæſar's ſword has made Rome's ſenate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas, thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a falſe glaring light,
Which conqueſt and ſucceſs have thrown upon him;
Did'ſt thou but view him right, thou'dſt ſee him black
With murder, treaſon, ſacrilege, and crimes,
That ſtrike my ſoul with horror but to name 'em.
I know thou look'ſt on me, as on a wretch
Beſet with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
But, by the God's I ſwear, millions of worlds
Shou'd never buy me to be like that Cæſar.

Dec.

Dec. Does Cato ſend this anſwer back to Cæſar,
For all his gen'rous cares and proffer'd friendſhip?
Cato. His cares for me are inſolent and vain:
Preſumptuous man! the Gods take care of Cato.
Wou'd Cæſar ſhew the greatneſs of his ſoul,
Bid him employ his care for theſe my friends,
And make good uſe of his ill-gotten pow'r,
By ſhelt'ring men much better than himſelf.
Dec. Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
You are a man. You ruſh on your deſtruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embaſſy,
All Rome will be in tears.

SHAKESPEARE.

The ſpeech of Brutus to the Romans upon the death of Cæſar.

BRUTUS.

ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cauſe; and be ſilent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour, and have reſpect to mine honour, that you may believe. Cenſure me in your wiſdom, and awake your ſenſes that you may the better judge. If there be any in this aſſembly, any dear friend of Cæſar's, to him I ſay, that Brutus's love to Cæſar was no leſs than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus roſe againſt Cæſar, this is my anſwer: Not that I lov'd Cæſar leſs, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæſar were living, and die all ſlaves; than than that Cæſar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæſar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I ſlew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who's here ſo baſe, that would

be a bondman? if any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who is here ſo rude, that would not be a Roman? if any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who is here ſo vile, that will not love his country? if any, ſpeak; for him have I offended.———I pauſe for a reply———.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended.——I have done no more to Cæſar, than you ſhall do to Brutus. The queſtion of his death is inroll'd in the Capitol, his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he ſuffered death.

Enter Mark Antony with Cæſar's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony, who though he had no hand in his death, ſhall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you ſhall not? With this I depart, that as I ſlew my beſt lover for the good of Rome; I have the ſame dagger for myſelf, when it ſhall pleaſe my country to need my death.

Antony's oration over the corpſe of Cæſar.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears,
I come to bury Cæſar, not to praiſe him.
The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæſar! noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæſar was ambitious;
If it were ſo, it was a grievous fault;
And grievouſly hath Cæſar anſwer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the reſt,
(For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men)
Come I to ſpeak in Cæſar's funeral:
He was my friend, faithful and juſt to me;
But Brutus ſays he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whoſe ranſoms did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Cæſar ſeem ambitious?
When that the poor have cry'd, Cæſar hath wept!

Ambition

Ambition ſhould be made of ſterner ſtuff.
Yet Brutus ſays, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did ſee, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice preſented him a kingly crown;
Which he did thrice refuſe. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus ſays, he was ambitious;
And, ſure, he is an honourable man.
I ſpeak not to diſprove what Brutus ſpoke,
But here I am to ſpeak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cauſe:
What cauſe withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment thou art fled to brutiſh beaſts,
And men have loſt their reaſon—bear with me.
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæſar,
And I muſt pauſe 'till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks, there is much reaſon in his ſaying
If thou conſider rightly of the matter,
Cæſar has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Has he, Maſters? I fear, there will a worſe come in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? he would not take the crown;
Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found ſo, ſome will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor ſoul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 *Pleb.* Now mark him, he begins again to ſpeak.

Ant. But yeſterday the word of Cæſar might
Have ſtood againſt the world; now lies he there,
And none ſo poor to do him reverence.
O maſters! if I were diſpos'd to ſtir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I ſhould do Brutus wrong, and Caſſius wrong;
Who you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather chooſe
To wrong the dead, to wrong myſelf and you;
Than I will wrong ſuch honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the ſeal of Cæſar,
I found it in his cloſet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this teſtament,

(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
And they would go and kiſs dead Cæſar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his ſacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their iſſue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the will; read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will; we will hear Cæſar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I muſt not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæſar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not ſtones, but men:
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæſar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not, that you are his heirs;
For if you ſhould——O what would come of it?

4 *Pleb.* Read the will, we will hear it, Antony:
You ſhall read us the will, Cæſar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you ſtay a while?
(I have over-ſhot myſelf, to tell you of it.)
I fear I wrong the honourable men,
Whoſe daggers have ſtabb'd Cæſar.——I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors——honourable men!

All. The will! the teſtament!

2 *Pleb.* They were villains, murderers; the will!
read the Will!!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will.
Then make a ring about the corpſe of Cæſar,
And let me ſhew you him, that made the will.
Shall I deſcend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 *Pleb.* Deſcend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*

3 *Pleb.* You ſhall have leave.

4 *Pleb.* A ring; ſtand round.

1 *Pleb.* Stand from the hearſe, ſtand from the body.

2 *Pleb.* Room for Antony—moſt noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, preſs not ſo upon me, ſtand far off.

All. Stand back——room——bear back——

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to ſhed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember,
The firſt time ever Cæſar put it on.
'Twas on a ſummer's evening in his tent,

That

That day he overcame the Nervii———
Look! in this place, ran Caſſius' dagger through;——
See, what a rent the envious Caſca made.———
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus ſtabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his curſed ſteel away,
Mark, how the blood of Cæſar follow'd it!
As ruſhing out of doors, to be reſolv'd,
If Brutus ſo unkindly knock'd, or no?
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæſar's angel.
Judge, oh you Gods! how dearly Cæſar lov'd him:
This, this, was the unkindeſt cut of all;
For when the noble Cæſar ſaw him ſtab,
Ingratitude more ſtrong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquiſh'd him: then burſt his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the baſe of Pompey's ſtatue,
(Which all the while ran blood,) great Cæſar fell.
O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down:
Whilſt bloody treaſon flouriſh'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity; theſe are gracious drops.
Kind ſouls! what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæſar's veſture wounded? look you here!
Here is himſelf, marr'd, as you ſee, by traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous ſpectacle!

2 *Pleb.* O noble Cæſar!

3 *Pleb.* O woful day!

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Pleb.* O moſt bloody ſight!

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd: revenge: about——ſeek——burn——fire——kill——ſlay! let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen———

1 *Pleb.* Peace there, hear the noble Antony.

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, ſweet friends, let me not ſtir you up
To ſuch a ſudden flood of mutiny:
They, that have done this deed, are honourable.
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wiſe and honourable;

And will, no doubt, with reaſons anſwer you.
I come not, friends, to ſteal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well,
That give me publick leave to ſpeak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action or utt'rance, nor the pow'r of ſpeech,
To ſtir men's blood; I only ſpeak right on.
I tell you that, which you yourſelves do know;
Shew you ſweet Cæſar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,
And bid them ſpeak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your ſpirits, and put a tongue
In ev'ry wound of Cæſar, that ſhould move
The ſtones of Rome to riſe and mutiny.

STEELE.

Quarrelling ſcene between Bevil and Myrtle in the Conſcious Lovers.

Enter Tom.

MR. Myrtle, ſir: would your honour pleaſe to ſee him?

Bev. jun. Why you ſtupid creature! Let Mr. Myrtle wait at my lodgings! Shew him up. [*Exit* Tom. Well! I am reſolved upon my carriage to him——He is in love, and in every circumſtance of life a little diſtruſtful, which I muſt allow for—but here he is.

Enter Tom introducing Myrtle.

Sir, I am extremely obliged to you for this honour, ——But, ſir, you with your very diſcerning face, leave the room. [*Exit* Tom.] Well, Mr. Myrtle, your commands with me?

Myrt.

Myrt. The time, the place, our long acquaintance, and many other circumſtances, which effect me on this occaſion, oblige me, without any ceremony, or conference, to deſire you would not only, as you already have, acknowledge the receipt of my letter, but alſo comply with the requeſt in it. I muſt have further notice taken of my meſſage than theſe half lines,—I have yours,—I ſhall be at home.——

Bev. jun. Sir, I own I have received a letter from you, in a very unuſual ſtyle; but as I deſign every thing, in this matter ſhall be your own action, your own ſeeking, I ſhall underſtand nothing but what you are pleas'd to confirm face to face, and I have already forgot the contents of your epiſtle.

Myrt. This cool manner is very agreeable to the abuſe you have already made of my ſimplicity and frankneſs; and I ſee your moderation tends to your own advantage, and not mine; to your own ſafety, not conſideration of your friend.

Bev. jun. My own ſafety, Mr. Myrtle!

Myrt. Your own ſafety, Mr. Bevil.

Bev. jun. Look you, Mr. Myrtle, there's no diſguiſing that I underſtand what you would be at—But, ſir, you know, I have often dared to diſapprove of the deciſions a tyrant cuſtom has introduc'd, to the breach of all laws both divine and human.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, Mr. Bevil, it would be a good firſt principle, in thoſe who have ſo tender a conſcience that way, to have as much abhorrence of doing injuries, as,——

Bev. jun. As what?

Myrt. As fear of anſwering for 'em.

Bev. jun. As fear of anſwering for 'em! But that apprehenſion is juſt or blameable, according to the object of that fear.——I have often told you in confidence of heart, I abhorr'd the daring to offend the Author of life, and ruſhing into his preſence—I ſay by the very ſame act, to commit the crime againſt him, and immediately to urge on to his tribunal.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, I muſt tell you, this coolneſs, this gravity, this ſhew of conſcience, ſhall never cheat me of my miſtreſs. You have, indeed, the beſt excuſe for life,

life, the hopes of marrying Lucinda: but conſider, ſir, I have as much reaſon to be weary of it, if I am to loſe her; and my firſt attempt to recover her, ſhall be to let her ſee the dauntleſs man, who is to be her guardian and protector.

Bev. jun. Sir, ſhew me but the leaſt glimpſe of argument, that I am authoriz'd by my own hand to vindicate any lawleſs inſult of this nature, and I will ſhew thee—to chaſtize thee—hardly deſerves the name of courage—ſlight, inconſiderate man!——There is, Mr. Myrtle, no ſuch terror in quick anger; and you ſhall, you know not why, be cool, as you have, you know not why, been warm.

Myrt. Is the woman one loves, ſo little an occaſion of anger? you, perhaps, who know not what it is to love, who have your ready, your commodious, your foreign trinket, for you looſe hours; and from your fortune, your ſpecious outward carriage, and other lucky circumſtances, as eaſy a way of admiſſion to a woman of honour; you know nothing of what it is to be alarm'd, to be diſtracted, with anxiety and terror of loſing more than life: your marriage, happy man! goes on like common buſineſs, and in the interim, you have your rambling captive, your Indian princeſs, for your ſoft moments of dalliance, your convenient, your ready Indiana.

Bev. jun. You have touch'd me beyond the patience of a man; and I'm excuſable in the guard of innocence (or from the infirmity of human nature which can bear no more) to accept your invitation, and obſerve your letter—Sir, I'll attend you.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Did you call, ſir? I thought you did: I heard you ſpeak aloud.

Bev. jun. Yes, go call a coach.

Tom. Sir,——Maſter——Mr. Myrtle,——Friends—Gentlemen——What d'ye mean? I am but a ſervant, or——

Bev. jun. Call a coach. [*Exit Tom.*

[*A long pauſe, walking ſullenly by each other.*

[*Aſide.*] Shall I (though provok'd to the uttermoſt) recover myſelf at the entrance of a third perſon, and that my

my ſervant too, and not have reſpect enough to all I have ever been receiving from infancy, the obligation to the beſt of father's, to an unhappy virgin too, whoſe life depends on mine. [*Shutting the door.*

[*To* Myrtle.] I have, thank heaven, had time to recollect myſelf, and ſhall not, for fear of what ſuch a raſh man as you think of me, keep longer unexplain'd the falſe appearances, under which your infirmity of temper makes you ſuffer; when, perhaps too much regard to a falſe point of honour, makes me prolong that ſuffering.

Myrt. I am ſure, Mr. Bevil cannot doubt, but I had rather have ſatisfaction from his innocence, than his ſword.

Bev. jun. Why then would you aſk it firſt that way?

Myrt. Conſider, you kept your temper yourſelf no longer than till I ſpoke to the diſadvantage of her you lov'd.

Bev. jun. True. But let me tell you, I have ſaved you from the moſt exquiſite diſtreſs, even tho' you had ſucceeded in the diſpute: I know you ſo well, that I am ſure, to have found this letter about a man you had kill'd, would have been worſe than death to yourſelf—Read it—When he is throughly mortify'd, and ſhame has got the better of jealouſy, when he has ſeen himſelf throughly, he will deſerve to be aſſiſted towards obtaining Lucinda.

Myrt. With what a ſuperiority has he turn'd the injury on me, as the aggreſſor? I begin to fear I have been too far tranſported——A treaty in our family! is not that ſaying too much? I ſhall relapſe——But I find (on the poſtſcript) ſomething like jealouſy——with what face can I ſee my benefactor? my advocate? whom I have treated like a betrayer.——Oh! Bevil, with what words ſhall I————

Bev. jun. There needs none; to convince, is much more than to conquer.

Myrt. But can you——

Bev. jun. You have o'er paid the inquietude you gave me, in the change I ſee in you towards me: alas! what machines are we! thy face is alter'd to that of another man; to that of my companion, my friend.

Myrt.

Myrt. That I could be ſuch a precipitant wretch!

Bev. jun. Pray no more.

Myrt. Let me reflect how many friends have died, by the hands of friends, for want of temper; and you muſt give me leave to ſay again, and again, how much I am beholden to that ſuperior ſpirit you have ſubdu'd me with———what had become of one of us, or perhaps both, had you been as weak as I was, and as incapable of reaſon?

Bev. jun. I congratulate to us both the eſcape from our ſelves, and hope the memory of it will make us dearer friends than ever.

Myrt. Dear Bevil, your friendly conduct has convinced me that there is nothing manly, but what is conducted by reaſon, and agreeable to the practice of virtue and juſtice, and yet, how many have been ſacrificed to that idol, the unreaſonable opinion of men! Nay, they are ſo ridiculous in it, that they often uſe their ſwords againſt each other, with diſſembled anger, and real fear.

Betray'd by honour and compell'd by ſhame;
They hazard being, to preſerve a name:
Nor dare inquire into the dread miſtake,
'Till plung'd in ſad eternity they wake. [*Exeunt.*

THE

THE
ORATION
OF
Æſchines againſt Demoſthenes, on the crown.

Æſchines, after having repreſented, in the beginning of the exordium, the irregularities introduced in the commonwealth, and their pernicious tendency proceeds thus:

" IN ſuch a ſituation of affairs, and in ſuch diſorders, " as you yourſelves are ſenſible of, the only method " of ſaving the wrecks of government, is, if I miſtake " not, to allow full liberty to accuſe thoſe who have in- " vaded your laws. But if you ſhut them up, or ſuffer " others to do this, I propheſy that you will fall inſen- " ſibly, and that very ſoon, under a tyrannical power. " For you know, Athenians, that government is divided " into three kinds; monarchy, oligarchy, and democracy. " As to the two former, they are governed at the will " and pleaſure of thoſe who reign in either; whereas " eſtabliſhed laws only, reign in a popular ſtate. I make " theſe obſervations, therefore, that none of you may " be ignorant, but on the contrary, that every one " may be entirely aſſured that the day he aſcends the " ſeat of juſtice, to examine an accuſation upon the " invaſion of the laws, that very day he goes to give " judgment upon his own independence. And indeed, " the legiſlator who is convinced that a free ſtate can " ſupport itſelf no longer than the laws govern, takes " particular care to preſcribe this form of an oath to " judges, *I will judge according to the laws.* The re- " membrance therefore of this being deeply implanted " in your minds, muſt inſpire you with a juſt abhorrence " of any perſons whatſoever who dare tranſgreſs them " by raſh decrees; and that far from ever looking upon " a tranſgreſſion of this kind, as a ſmall fault, you always

" conſider

" conſider it as an enormous and capital crime. Do not " ſuffer then, any one to make you depart from ſo wiſe a " principle——But as, in the army, every one of you " would be aſhamed to quit the poſt aſſigned him by the " general; ſo let every one of you be this day aſhamed to " abandon the poſt which the laws have given you in the " commonwealth. What poſt? that of protectors of the " government.

" Muſt we, in your perſon crown the author of the pub- " lic calamities, or muſt we deſtroy him? And, indeed, " what unexpected revolutions, what unthought of cata- " ſtrophes have we not ſeen in our days?—The king of " Perſia, that king who opened a paſſage through mount " Athos; who bound the Helleſpont in chains, who was " ſo imperious as to command the Greeks to acknowledge " him ſovereign both of ſea and land; who in his letters " and diſpatches preſumed to ſtyle himſelf the ſovereign " of the world from the riſing to the ſetting of the ſun; " and who fights now, not to rule over the reſt of mankind, " but to ſave his own life. Do not we ſee thoſe very men " who ſignalized their zeal in the relief of Delphos, in- " veſted both with the glory, for which that powerful " king was once ſo conſpicuous, and with the title of " chief of the Greeks againſt him? As to Thebes, which " borders upon Attica, have not we ſeen it diſappear in " one day from the midſt of Greece!—And with regard " to the unhappy Lacedæmonians, what calamities have " not befallen them only for taking but a ſmall part of " the ſpoils of the temple; they who formerly aſſumed a " ſuperiority over Greece, are they not now going to ſend " ambaſſadors to Alexander's court, to bear the name of " hoſtages in his train, to become a ſpectacle of miſery; " to bow the knee before the monarch, ſubmit themſelves " and their country to his mercy; and receive ſuch laws as " a conqueror, a conqueror they attacked firſt, ſhall think " fit to preſcribe them? Athens itſelf, the common refuge " of the Greeks; Athens formerly peopled with ambaſſa- " dors, who flocked to claim its almighty protection, is not " this city now obliged to fight, not to obtain a ſuperiority " over the Greeks, but to preſerve itſelf from deſtruction? " Such are the misfortunes which Demoſthenes has " brought upon us, ſince his intermeddling with the " adminiſtration.——

" Imagine

" Imagine then, Athenians, when he ſhall invite the " conſidents and accomplices of his abject perfidy to " range themſelves around him, towards the cloſe of his " harangue; imagine then, Athenians, on your ſide, that " you ſee the ancient benefactors of this commonwealth, " drawn up in battle array, round this roſtrum, where I " am now ſpeaking, in order to repulſe that audacious " band. Imagine you hear Solon, who ſtrengthened the " popular government by ſuch excellent laws; that phi- " loſopher, that incomparable legiſlator, conjuring you " with a gentleneſs and modeſty becoming his charac- " ter, not to ſet a higher value upon Demoſthenes's " oratorial flouriſhes than upon your oaths and your " laws. Imagine you hear Ariſtides, who made ſo ex- " act and juſt a diviſion of the contributions impoſed " upon the Greeks for the common cauſe; that ſage " diſpenſer, who left no other inheritance to his daugh- " ters, but the public gratitude, which was their portion; " imagine, I ſay, you hear him bitterly bewailing the " outrageous manner in which we trample upon juſtice, " and ſpeaking to you in theſe words. What! becauſe " Arthmius of Zelia, that Aſiatick, who paſſed through " Athens, where he even enjoyed the rights of hoſpita- " lity, had brought gold from the Medes into Greece; " your anceſtors were going to ſend him to the place of " execution, and baniſhed him, not only from their city, " but from all the countries dependent on them; and " will not you bluſh to decree Demoſthenes, who has not " indeed brought gold from the Medes, but has received " ſuch ſums of money from all parts to betray you, and " now enjoys the fruit of his treaſures; will not you, " I ſay, bluſh to decree a crown of gold to Demoſthenes? " Do you think that Themiſtocles, and the heroes who " were killed in the battles of Marathon and Platea; do " you think the very tombs of your anceſtors will not " ſend forth groans, if you crown a man who, by his " own confeſſion, has been for ever conſpiring with bar- " barians to ruin Greece?

" As to myſelf, O earth! O ſun! O virtue! And you, " who are the ſprings of true diſcernment, lights both " natural and acquired, by which we diſtinguiſh good " from evil, I call you to witneſs, that I have uſed all " my endeavours to relieve the ſtate, and to plead her

"cauſe. I could have wiſhed my ſpeech had been equal
"to the greatneſs and importance of the ſubject; at leaſt,
"I can flatter myſelf with having diſcharged my duty,
"according to my abilities, if I have not done it according
"to my wiſhes. Do you, Athenians, from the reaſons
"you have heard, and thoſe which your wiſdom will
"ſuggeſt; do you pronounce ſuch a judgment, as is con-
"formable to ſtrict juſtice, and the common good de-
"mands from you.

THE

ORATION

OF

DEMOSTHENES ON THE CROWN.

IN the firſt place, ye men of Athens, I make my prayer to all the powers of heaven, that ſuch affection as I have ever invariably diſcovered to this ſtate, and all its citizens, you, now, may entertain for me, upon this preſent trial. And (what concerns you nearly, what eſſentially concerns your religion and your honour)—that the gods may ſo diſpoſe your minds, as to permit me to proceed in my defence, not as directed by my adverſary, (that would be ſevere indeed!) but by the laws, and by your oath, in which, to all the other equitable clauſes, we find this expreſly added—*Each party ſhall have equal audience.*—This imports not merely that you ſhall not pre-judge, not merely that the ſame impartiality ſhall be ſhewn to both; but ſtill further, that the contending parties ſhall each be left at full liberty to arrange, and to conduct his pleading, as his choice or judgment may determine.

In many inſtances hath Æſchines the entire advantage, in this cauſe. Two there are of more eſpecial moment. Firſt, as to our intereſts in the conteſt, we are on terms utterly unequal; for they are by no means points of equal import, for me to be deprived of your affections, and for him to be defeated in his proſecution. As to me—but, when I am entering on my defence, let me ſuppreſs every thing ominous,

ominous, ſenſible as I muſt be of this the advantage of my adverſary.——In the next place, ſuch is the natural diſpoſition of mankind, that invective and accuſation are heard with pleaſure; while they who ſpeak their own praiſes are received with impatience. His, then, is the part which commands a favourable acceptance; that which muſt prove offenſive to every ſingle hearer is reſerved for me. If, to guard againſt this diſadvantage, I ſhould decline all mention of mine own actions, I know not by what means I could refute the charge, or eſtabliſh my pretenſions to this honour. If, on the other hand, I enter into a detail of my whole conduct, private and political, I muſt be obliged to ſpeak perpetually of myſelf. Here then I ſhall endeavour to preſerve all poſſible moderation: and what the circumſtances of the caſe neceſſarily extort from me muſt, in juſtice, be imputed to him who firſt moved a proſecution ſo extraordinary.

There was a time then, my fellow citizens! when the Lacedæmonians were ſovereign maſters, both by ſea and land: when their troops and forts ſurrounded the entire circuit of Attica, when they poſſeſſed Eubœa, Tanagra, the whole Bœotian diſtrict, Megara, Ægina, Cleonè, and the other iſlands; while this ſtate had not one ſhip, not one wall. Then did you march to Haliartus; and, not many days after, were your forces once more led to Corinth. And yet the Athenians of theſe days had many injuries to reſent, both from Corinth and from Thebes, by their conduct during the Decelian war. But far were they from harbouring ſuch reſentment. Obſerve then, Æſchines; they acted thus, in both theſe inſtances, not that they acted for their benefactors, not that they ſaw no danger in theſe expeditions. Such conſiderations never could induce them to abandon thoſe who fled to their protection. No! from the nobler motives of glory and renown, they devoted their ſervices to the diſtreſſed. And ſurely this their determination was juſt and generous. For death muſt come to cloſe the period of man's life, into whatever corner one may ſhrink from the inevitable blow: but the truly brave ſhould draw the ſword on all occaſions of honourable danger, armed in fair hopes of ſucceſs, yet ſtill reſigned with an equal fortitude to whatever may be decreed by Heaven. Such was the conduct of our anceſtors, ſuch the conduct of our elder citizens,

who, though the Lacedæmonians had been no friends, no benefactors to our ſtate, but had injured us in many and important inſtances; yet, when the Thebans, flushed with their ſucceſs at Leuctra, had attempted to deſtroy them, defeated the attempt; undiſmayed by the then formidable power of Thebes; determined by the motive of glory, not by the behaviour of thoſe in whoſe cauſe they were expoſed. And by theſe actions did you demonſtrate to the Greeks, that, whatever injuries Athens may receive, her reſentment is reſerved only for the juſt occaſion: when the being, when the liberty of the injurious party, is once in danger, her wrongs never are remembered, never regarded.

But, ſince he hath inſiſted ſo much upon the event, I ſhall hazard a bold aſſertion. But, in the name of Heaven: let it not be deemed extravagant: let it be weighed with candor. I ſay then, that had we all known what fortune was to attend our efforts; had we all foreſeen the final iſſue; had you foretold it, Æſchines; had you bellowed out your terrible denunciations; (you whoſe voice was never heard;) yet even in ſuch a caſe, muſt this city have purſued the very ſame conduct, if ſhe had retained a thought of glory, of her anceſtors, or of future times. For, thus, ſhe could only have been deemed unfortunate in her attempts: and misfortunes are the lot of all men, whenever it may pleaſe Heaven to inflict them. But if that ſtate which once claimed the firſt rank in Greece, had reſigned this rank, in time of danger, ſhe had incurred the cenſure of betraying the whole nation to the enemy.—If we had indeed given up thoſe points, without one blow, for which our fathers encountered every peril, who would not have ſpurned you with ſcorn? *You, the author of ſuch conduct*, not the ſtate, or me? In the name of Heaven, ſay with what face could we have met thoſe foreigners who ſometimes viſit us, if ſuch ſcandalous ſupineneſs on our part had brought affairs to their preſent ſituation? If Philip had been choſen general of the Grecian army, and ſome other ſtate had drawn the ſword againſt this inſidious nomination? And fought the battle, unaſſiſted by the Athenians, that people who, in ancient times, never preferred inglorious ſecurity to honourable danger? What part

of

of Greece, what part of the barbarian world has not heard, that the Thebans in their period of ſucceſs, that the Lacedæmonians whoſe power was older and more extenſive, that the king of Perſia, would have chearfully and joyfully conſented that this ſtate ſhould enjoy her own dominions, together with an acceſſion of territory ample as her wiſhes, upon this condition, that ſhe ſhould receive law, and ſuffer another ſtate to preſide in Greece? But, to Athenians, this was a condition unbecoming their deſcent, intolerable to their ſpirit, repugnant to their nature. Athens never was once known to live in a ſlaviſh, though a ſecure obedience to unjuſt and arbitrary power. No: our whole hiſtory is one ſeries of noble conteſts for pre-eminence; the whole period of our exiſtence hath been ſpent in braving dangers, for the ſake of glory and renown. And ſo highly do you eſteem ſuch conduct, ſo conſonant to the Athenian character, that thoſe of your anceſtors who were moſt diſtinguiſhed in the purſuit of it, are ever the moſt favourite objects of your praiſe. And with reaſon. For who can reflect without aſtoniſhment upon the magnanimity of thoſe men, who reſigned their lands, gave up their city, and embarked in their ſhips, to avoid the odious ſtate of ſubjection? Who choſe Themiſtocles, the adviſer of this conduct, to command their forces; and, when Cryſilus propoſed, that they ſhould yield to the terms preſcribed, ſtoned him to death? Nay the public indignation was not yet allayed. Your very wives inflicted the ſame vengeance on his wife. For the Athenians of that day looked out for no ſpeaker, no general to procure them a ſtate of proſperous ſlavery. They had the ſpirit to reject even life, unleſs they were allowed to enjoy that life in freedom. For it was a principle fixed deeply in every breaſt, that man was not born to his parents only, but to his country. And mark the diſtinction. He who regards himſelf as born only to his parents, waits in paſſive ſubmiſſion for the hour of his natural diſſolution. He who conſiders that he is the child of his country alſo, is prepared to meet his fate freely, rather than behold that country reduced to vaſſalage: and thinks thoſe inſults and diſgraces which he muſt meet, in a ſtate inſlaved, much more terrible than death. Should I then attempt to aſſert, that it was

I who inſpired you with ſentiments worthy of your anceſtors, I ſhould meet the juſt reſentment of every hearer. No: it is my point to ſhew, that ſuch ſentiments are properly your own; that they were the ſentiments of my country, long before my days. I claim but my ſhare of merit, in having acted on ſuch principles, in every part of my adminiſtration. He then who condemns every part of my adminiſtration, he who directs you to treat me with ſeverity, as one who hath involved the ſtate in terrors and dangers, while he labours to deprive me of preſent honour, robs you of the applauſe of all poſterity. For if you now pronounce, that, as my public conduct hath not been right, Cteſiphon muſt ſtand condemned, it muſt be thought that you yourſelves have acted wrong, not that you owe your preſent ſtate to the caprice of fortune.—But it cannot be! No, my countrymen! it cannot be you have acted wrong, in encountering danger bravely, for the liberty and the ſafety of all Greece. No! by thoſe generous ſouls of antient times, who were expoſed at Marathon! By thoſe who ſtood arrayed at Platæa! By thoſe who encountered the Perſian fleet at Salamis, who fought at Artemiſium! By all thoſe illuſtrious ſons of Athens, whoſe remains lie depoſited in the public monuments! All of whom received the ſame honourable interment from their country: not thoſe only who prevailed, not thoſe only who were victorious.—And with reaſon. What was the part of gallant men they all performed: their ſucceſs was ſuch as the ſupreme director of the world diſpenſed to each.

Of all the men beneath the ſun, point out the ſingle perſon, (Æſchines) Greek, or Barbarian, who hath not fallen under the power, firſt of Philip, and now of Alexander; and I ſubmit: let every thing be imputed to my fortune, (ſhall I call it?) or, if you pleaſe, my evil genius. But if numbers who never ſaw me, who never heard my voice, have laboured under a variety of the moſt afflicting calamities, I mean not only individuals, but whole ſtates and nations; how much more conſonant to truth and juſtice muſt it be to aſcribe the whole to that common fate of mankind, that torrent of unhappy events which bore down upon us with an irreſiſtible violence?—But you turn your eyes from the real cauſe, and lay the entire blame on my adminiſtration; although you know, that,

if

if not the whole, a part at leaſt of your virulent abuſe muſt thus fall upon your country, and chiefly upon yourſelf. Had I, when ſpeaking in the aſſembly, been abſolute and independent maſter of affairs, then your other ſpeakers might call me to account. But if ye were ever preſent, if ye were all in general invited to propoſe your ſentiments, if ye were all agreed that the meaſures then ſuggeſted were really the beſt, if you, Æſchines, in particular were thus perſuaded, (and it was no partial affection for me, that prompted you to give me up the hopes, the applauſe, the honours which attended that courſe I then adviſed, but the ſuperior force of truth, and your own utter inability to point out any more eligible courſe)—If this was the caſe, I ſay, is it not highly cruel and unjuſt to arraign thoſe meaſures now, when you could not then propoſe any better?—In all other caſes, we find mankind in general perfectly agreed, and determining in every particular with exact preciſion. Hath a wilful injury been committed? It is followed with reſentment and puniſhment. Hath a man erred unwillingly, he meets with pardon inſtead of puniſhment. Is there a man who hath neither willingly nor inadvertently offended? who hath devoted himſelf to what appeared the true intereſt of his country, but in ſome inſtances hath ſhared in the general diſappointment? Juſtice requires, that, inſtead of reproaching and reviling ſuch a man, we ſhould condole with him. Theſe points are all manifeſt: they need not the deciſion of laws, they are determined by nature, by the unwritten precepts of humanity.—Mark then the extravagance of that cruelty and malice which Æſchines hath diſcovered. The very events, which he himſelf quotes as ſo many inſtances of unhappy fortune, he would impute to me as crimes.

As to thoſe public works ſo much the object of your ridicule, they undoubtedly demand a due ſhare of honour and applauſe: but I rate them far beneath the great merits of my adminiſtration. It is not with ſtones nor bricks that I have fortified the city. It is not from works like theſe that I derive my reputation. Would you know my methods of fortifying? Examine, and you will find them, in the arms, the towns, the territories, the harbours I have ſecured, the navies, the troops, the armies I have raiſed.

raiſed. Theſe are the works by which I defended Attica, as far as human foreſight could defend it: theſe are the fortifications I drew round our whole territory, and not the circuit of our harbour, or of our city only. In theſe acts of policy, in theſe proviſions for a war, I never yielded to Philip. No; it was our generals and our confederate forces who yielded to fortune. Would you know the proofs of this? They are plain and evident. Conſider: what was the part of a faithful citizen? of a prudent, an active, and an honeſt miniſter? Was he not to ſecure Eubœa, as our defence againſt all attacks by ſea? Was he not to make Bœotia, our barrier on the mid-land ſide? The cities bordering on Peloponneſus our bulwark, on that quarter? Was he not to attend with due precaution to the importation of corn, that this trade might be protected, through all its progreſs, up to our own harbour? Was he not to cover thoſe diſtricts which we commanded by ſeaſonable detachments, as the Proconeſus, the Cherſoneſus, and Tenedos? To exert himſelf in the aſſembly for this purpoſe? While with equal zeal he laboured to gain others to our intereſt and alliance, as Byzantium, Abydus, and Eubœa? Was he not to cut off the beſt and moſt important reſources of our enemies, and to ſupply thoſe in which our country was defective?—And all this you gained by my counſels, and my adminiſtration. Such counſels and ſuch an adminiſtration, as muſt appear, upon a fair and equitable view, the reſult of ſtrict integrity; ſuch as left no favourable juncture unimproved, through ignorance or treachery; ſuch as ever had their due effect, as far as the judgment and abilities of one man could prove effectual. But, if ſome ſuperior being, if the power of fortune, if the miſconduct of generals, if the iniquity of you traitors, or if all theſe together broke in upon us, and at length involved us in one general devaſtation, how is Demoſthenes to be blamed? Had there been a ſingle man in each Grecian ſtate, to act the ſame part which I ſupported in this city; nay, had but one ſuch man been found in Theſſaly, and one in Arcadia, actuated by my principles, not a ſingle Greek, either beyond, or on this ſide Thermopylæ, could have experienced the misfortunes of this day. All then had been free and independent, in perfect tranquil-

lity,

lity, ſecurity, and happineſs, uncontrouled, in their ſeveral communities, by any foreign power, and filled with gratitude to you, and to your ſtate, the authors of theſe bleſſings ſo extenſive and ſo precious. And all this by my means.—To convince you that I have ſpoken much leſs than I could juſtify by facts, that, in this detail, I have ſtudiouſly guarded againſt envy, take—read the liſts of our confederates, as they were procured by my decrees.

There are two diſtinguiſhing qualities (Athenians!) which the virtuous citizen ſhould ever poſſeſs. (I ſpeak in general terms, as the leaſt invidious method of doing juſtice to myſelf) a zeal for the honour and pre-eminence of the ſtate, in his official conduct; on all occaſions, and in all tranſactions, an affection for his country. This nature can beſtow. Abilities and ſucceſs depend upon another power. And in this affection you find me firm and invariable. Not the ſolemn demand of my perſon, not the vengeance of the Amphictyonic council which they denounced againſt me, not the terror of their threatenings, not the flattery of their promiſes, no, nor the fury of thoſe accurſed wretches, whom they rouſed like wild beaſts againſt me, could ever tear this affection from my breaſt. From firſt to laſt, I have uniformly purſued the juſt and virtuous courſe of conduct; aſſertor of the honours of the prerogatives, of the glory of my country; ſtudious to ſupport them, zealous to advance them, my whole being is devoted to this glorious cauſe. I was never known to march through the city, with a face of joy and exultation, at the ſucceſs of a foreign power; embracing, and announcing the joyful tidings to thoſe who, I ſuppoſed, would tranſmit it to the proper place. I was never known to receive the ſucceſſes of my own country, with tremblings, with ſighings, with eyes bending to the earth, like thoſe impious men, who are the defamers of the ſtate, as if by ſuch conduct they were not defamers of themſelves: who look abroad; and, when a foreign potentate hath eſtabliſhed his power on the calamities of Greece, applaud the event, and tell us we ſhould take every means to perpetuate his power.

Hear me, ye immortal Gods! and let not theſe their deſires be ratified in heaven! Infuſe a better ſpirit into theſe men! Inſpire even their minds with purer ſentiments!—

ments!—This is my firſt prayer.—Or if their natures are not to be reformed; on them, on them only diſcharge your vengeance! Purſue them both by land and ſea! Purſue them even to deſtruction! But, to us diſplay your goodneſs, in a ſpeedy deliverance from impending evils, and all the bleſſings of protection and tranquillity!

CICERO's

ORATION AGAINST VERRES.

THE time is come, fathers, when that which has long been wiſhed for, towards allaying the envy, your order has been ſubject to, and removing the imputations againſt trials, is (not by human contrivance, but ſuperior direction) effectually put in our power. An opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewiſe in foreign countries, both dangerous to you, and pernicious to the ſtate, viz. that, in proſecutions, men of wealth are always ſafe, however clearly convicted. There is now to be brought upon his trial before you, to the confuſion, I hope of the propagators of this ſlanderous imputation, one whoſe life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial perſons; but who, according to his own reckoning, and declared dependence upon his riches, is already acquitted; I mean Caius Verres. I have undertaken this proſecution, fathers, at the general deſire, and with the great expectation of the Roman people, not that I might draw envy upon that illuſtrious order, of which the accuſed happens to be; but with the direct deſign of clearing your juſtice and impartiality before the world. For I have brought upon his trial, one, whoſe conduct has been ſuch, that, in paſſing a juſt ſentence upon him, you will have an opportunity of re-eſtabliſhing the credit of ſuch trials; of recovering whatever may be loſt of the favour of the Roman people; and of ſatisfying foreign ſtates and kingdoms

doms in alliance with us, or tributary to us. I demand juſtice of you, fathers, upon the robber of the public treaſury, the oppreſſor of Aſia Minor and Pamphylia, the invader of the rights and privileges of Romans, the ſcourge and curſe of Sicily. If that ſentence is paſſed upon him which his crimes deſerve, your authority, fathers, will be venerable and ſacred in the eyes of the public. But if his great riches ſhould biaſs you in his favour, I ſhall ſtill gain one point, viz. to make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting in this caſe was not a criminal nor a proſecutor; but juſtice, and adequate puniſhment.

For, as thoſe acts of violence, by which he has got his exorbitant riches, were done openly, ſo have his attempts to pervert judgment, and eſcape due puniſhment, been public, and in open defiance of decency. He has accordingly ſaid, that the only time he ever was afraid, was, when he found the proſecution commenced againſt him by me; leſt he ſhould not have time enough to diſpoſe of a ſufficient number of preſents in proper hands. Nor has he attempted to ſecure himſelf by the legal way of defence upon his trial. And, indeed, where is the learning, the eloquence, or the art, which would be ſufficient to qualify any one for the defence of him whoſe whole life has been a continued ſeries of the moſt attrocious crimes? To paſs over the ſhameful irregularities of his youth, what does his quæſtorſhip, the firſt public employment he held, what does it exhibit, but one continued ſcene of villanies; Cneius Carbo plundered of the public money by his own treaſurer; a conſul ſtripped and betrayed; an army deſerted and reduced to want; a province robbed; the civil and religious rights of a people violated. The employment he held in Aſia Minor and Pamphylia, what did it produce, but the ruin of thoſe countries; in which houſes, cities, and temples were robbed by him. There he acted over again the ſcene of his quæſtorſhip, bringing by his bad practices, Cneius Dolabella, whoſe ſubſtitute he was, into diſgrace with the people, and then deſerting him; not only deſerting, but even accuſing and betraying him. What was his conduct in his prætorſhip here at home? Let the plundered temples, and public works neglected, that he might

embezzle

embezzle the money intended for carrying them on, bear witneſs. How did he diſcharge the office of a judge; Let thoſe, who ſuffered by his injuſtice, anſwer. But his prætorſhip in Sicily, crowns all his works of wickedneſs, and finiſhes a laſting monument to his infamy. The miſchiefs done by him in that unhappy country, during the three years of his iniquitous adminiſtration, are ſuch, that many years under the wiſeſt and beſt of prætors, will not be ſufficient to reſtore things to the condition, in which he found them. For it is notorious, that, during the time of his tyranny, the Sicilians neither enjoyed the protection of their own original laws, of the regulations made for their benefit by the Roman ſenate, upon their coming under the protection of the commonwealth, nor of the natural and unalienable rights of men. No inhabitant of that ruined country has been able to keep poſſeſſion of any thing, but what has either eſcaped the rapaciouſneſs, or been neglected by the ſatiety of that univerſal plunderer. His nod has decided all cauſes in Sicily for theſe three years. And his deciſions have broke all law, all precedent, all right. The ſums, he has, by arbitrary taxes, and unheard-of impoſitions, extorted from the induſtrious poor, are not to be computed. The moſt faithful allies of the commonwealth have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like ſlaves been put to death with tortures. The moſt atrocious criminals, for money, have been exempted from the deſerved puniſhments; and men of the moſt unexceptionable characters condemned and baniſhed unheard. The harbours, though ſufficiently fortified, and the gates of ſtrong towns opened to pirates and ravagers. The ſoldiery and ſailors, belonging to a province under the protection of the commonwealth, ſtarved to death. Whole fleets, to the great detriment of the province, ſuffered to periſh. The ancient monuments of either Sicilian or Roman greatneſs, the ſtatues of heroes and princes, carried off; and the temples ſtripped of the images. The infamy of his lewdneſs has been ſuch, as decency forbids to deſcribe. Nor will I, by mentioning particulars, put thoſe unfortunate perſons to freſh pain, who have not been able to ſave their wives and daughters from his impurity. And theſe his atrocious crimes

have

have been committed in ſo public a manner, that there is no one, who has heard of his name, but could reckon up his actions.

Having, by his iniquitous ſentences, filled the priſons with the moſt induſtrious and deſerving of the people, he then proceeded to order numbers of Roman citizens to be ſtrangled in the goals; ſo that the exclamation, "I am a citizen of Rome;" which has often, in the moſt diſtant regions, and among the moſt barbarous people, been a protection, was of no ſervice to them; but, on the contrary, brought a ſpeedier, and more ſevere puniſhment upon them.

Now, Verres, I aſk what you have to advance againſt this charge? Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend, that any thing falſe, that even any thing aggravated, is alledged againſt you? Had any prince, or any ſtate, committed the ſame outrage againſt the privilege of Roman citizens, ſhould we not think we had ſufficient ground for declaring immediate war againſt them? What puniſhment ought, then, to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked prætor, who dared, at no greater diſtance, than Sicily, within ſight of the Italian coaſt, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion, that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Coſanus, only for his having aſſerted his privilege of citizenſhip, and declared his intention of appealing to the juſtice of his country againſt a cruel oppreſſor, who had unjuſtly confined him in priſon at Syracuſe, from whence he had juſt made his eſcape? The unhappy man arreſted, as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance diſtorted with cruelty, he orders the helpleſs victim of his rage to be ſtripped and rods to be brought; accuſing him, but without the leaſt ſhadow of evidence, or even of ſuſpicion, of having come to Sicily as a ſpy. It was in vain, that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen, I "have ſerved under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Pa-"normus, and will atteſt my innocence." The blood-thirſty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous puniſhment to be inflicted. Thus, fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with ſcourging; whilſt the only words he uttered

amidſt his cruel ſufferings, were, "I am a Roman citizen." With theſe he hoped to defend himſelf from violence and infamy. But of ſo little ſervice was this privilege to him, that while he was thus aſſerting his citizenſhip, the order was given for his execution—for his execution upon the croſs!

O liberty!—O ſound once delightful to every Roman ear!—O ſacred privilege of Roman citizenſhip!—once ſacred! now trampled upon!—But what then! Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magiſtrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within ſight of Italy, bind, ſcourge, torture with fire and red hot plates of iron, and at the laſt put to the infamous death of the croſs, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying ſpectators, nor the majeſty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the juſtice of his country, reſtrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monſter, who, in confidence of his riches, ſtrikes at the root of liberty, and ſets mankind at defiance?

I conclude with expreſſing my hopes, that your wiſdom and juſtice, fathers, will not, by ſuffering the atrocious and unexampled inſolence of Caius Verres to eſcape the due puniſhment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total ſubverſion of authority, and introduction of general anarchy and confuſion.

T. QUINTIUS's

Speech to the Roman people, from the third book of T. Livius.

THOUGH I am not conſcious, O Romans, of any crime by me committed, it is yet with the utmoſt ſhame and confuſion that I appear in your aſſembly. You have ſeen it—Poſterity will know it—In the fourth conſulſhip of Titus Quintius, the Æqui and Volſci (ſcarce a match for the Hernici alone) came in arms to the very gates of Rome, and went away again unchaſtiſed! The-

courſe

courſe of our manners indeed, and the ſtate of our affairs, have long been ſuch, that I had no reaſon to preſage much good; but could I have imagined, that ſo great ignominy would have befallen me this year, I would by death or baniſhment (if all other means had failed) have avoided the ſtation I am now in. What! might Rome then have been taken, if thoſe men who were at our gates had not wanted courage for the attempt?—Rome taken, while I was conſul!—Of honours I had ſufficient—Of life enough—more than enough—I ſhould have died in my third conſulate. But who are they, that our daſtardly enemies thus deſpiſe? the conſuls? or you, Romans? If we are in fault, depoſe us, puniſh us yet more ſeverely.—If you are to blame—may neither gods nor men puniſh your faults, only may you repent! No, Romans, the confidence of your enemies is not owing to their courage, or to their belief of your cowardice: they have been too often vanquiſhed not to know both themſelves and you. Diſcord, diſcord is the ruin of this city. The eternal diſputes between the ſenate and the people, are the ſole cauſe of our misfortunes. While we will ſet no bounds to our domination, nor you to your liberty! while you impatiently endure patrician magiſtrates, and we plebeian, our enemies take heart, grow elated and preſumptuous.

In the name of the immortal gods what is it, Romans, you would have? You deſired tribunes; for the ſake of peace we granted them—You were eager to have decemvirs; we conſented to their creation.—You grew weary of theſe decemvirs; we obliged them to abdicate—Your hatred purſued them, when reduced to be private men; and we ſuffered you to put to death or baniſh patricians of the firſt rank in the republic.—You inſiſted upon the reſtoration of the tribuneſhip, we yielded: we quietly ſaw conſuls of your own faction elected.—You have the protection of your tribunes, and the privilege of appeal; the patricians are ſubjected to the decrees of the commons.—Under pretence of equal and impartial laws, you have invaded our rights, and we have ſuffered it, and we ſtill ſuffer it. When ſhall we ſee an end of diſcord? When ſhall we have one intereſt and one common country? Victorious and triumphant, you ſhew leſs

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temper than we under our defeat.—When you are to contend with us, you can ſeize the Aventine Hill, you can poſſeſs yourſelves of the Mons Sacer.—The enemy is at our gates, the Æſquiline is near being taken, and nobody ſtirs to hinder it.—But againſt us you are valiant, againſt us you can arm with all diligence. Come on then, beſiege the Senate Houſe, make a camp of the Forum, fill the jails with our chief nobles, and when you have atchieved theſe glorious exploits, then at the leaſt ſally out at the Æſquiline gate with the ſame fierce ſpirits againſt the enemy.—Does your reſolution fail you for this? Go then, and behold from our walls your lands ravaged, your houſes plundered and in flames, the whole country laid waſte with fire and ſword. Have you any thing here to repair theſe damages? Will the tribunes make up your loſſes to you? They will give you words as many as you pleaſe; bring impeachments in abundance againſt the prime men in the ſtate; heap laws upon laws; aſſemblies you ſhall have without end: but will any of you return the richer from thoſe aſſemblies? Extinguiſh, O Romans, theſe fatal diviſions; generouſly break this curſed inchantment, which keeps you buried in a ſcandalous inaction.—Open your eyes, and conſider the management of thoſe ambitious men, who to make themſelves powerful in their party, ſtudy nothing but how they may foment diviſions in the commonwealth.—If you can but ſummon up your former courage, if you will now march out of Rome with your conſuls, there is no puniſhment you can inflict which I will not ſubmit to, if I do not in a few days drive thoſe pillagers out of our territory.—This terror of war (with which you ſeem ſo grievouſly ſtruck) ſhall quickly be removed from Rome to their own cities.

FINIS.

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